The Relief Society Magazine

4 NO. 4 Special Short Story Issue APRIL 1957

Apricot Blossoms

Christie Lund Coles

Once more the apricot has bloomed in lace,
Embossed with palest satin, bridal white;
Lifting her gleaming blossoms to the face
Of heaven, to deny the earth-bound night;
Once more its perfume rises to the sun
Deep from the hidden place of life and root
While bees sip nectar time and weather won,
From these bright harbingers of golden fruit.

Now is the promised time of blossoming,
The time of wonder and of childlike hope,
That rises as the flutter of a wing
Lifting the spirit to a widening scope.

Strong as the wings of frailest butterfly
These flowers that speak of both the earth and sky.

The Cover: Japanese Cherry Blossoms
Japan Photo-Movie Service
Submitted by Hazel M. Robertson

Frontispiece: Apricot Blossoms
Photograph by Ward Linton

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

To "the many testaments that have gone before" about the great worth of our marvelous *Magazine*, I should like to add mine. Our *Magazine* is distinguished from the other magazines that come into our home. I think of it not as just a paper-and-print booklet, but as a *Magazine* with a heart. I never read an issue without feeling the love and elevating influence of my sisters who edit it and write the many inspirational lessons, stories, and poems. To each who contributes to its great worth, I should like to say a sincere "Thank you" for their being worthy of receiving inspiration from our Heavenly Father to make other lives and homes sweeter. This year I have been blessed with the thrilling experience of teaching the theology lessons in our ward. Because of the special help received from Brother Leland H. Monson in presenting The Book of Mormon lessons, I should like to express special gratitude to him.

—Mrs. Lauradene N. Bryson
Washington, D. C.

My mother, Clara B. Singleton, who is ninety-four years old, still enjoys the lessons and stories in the *Magazine*. She has seen so many changes in this organization in her lifetime.

—Elva S. Seely
Craig, Colorado

May I say that the December issue of the *Magazine* is a masterpiece of expression in art and in narrative content.

—LeNora Kirkbride
Smithfield, Utah

I am grateful that we Relief Society members have a *Magazine* that we can call our own and be proud to do so. I find both old copies and the new issues very useful in preparing talks, enriching lessons, and for special activities, such as pageants, readings, etc. Thanks to you all. The *Magazine* continues to get better and better.

—Maude O. Cook
Tremonton, Utah

I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* ever so much, also the inspirational lesson courses. After studying the fine literature lesson for December 1956, entitled "Shakespeare's Poetic Power," I felt inspired to try to express my appreciation for it in poetry. The accompanying poem expresses my sentiments, thanks to the help of the *Magazine* and the fine lessons. I have never once before had the desire to even try to write poetry.

APPRECIATION

I like poetry! It's such an artful way
Of putting into words what one wants to say;
Oh, would that I, like Shakespeare, might become
Able to weave thoughts into words, masterfully, as he has done!

—Clara Belle C. Ott
New Plymouth, Idaho

We appreciate the honor of being represented as a mission in *The Relief Society Magazine*, and having some of our recipes published. We appreciate the *Magazine*. It is a wonderful help in many ways, and is delightful reading for young and old.

—Jennie R. Bowman
President
Mexican Mission Relief Society
Mexico City, Mexico

Thank you so very much for our wonderful *Magazine* and especially for the lovely December issue. Even though I didn't have a part in the building of the new Relief Society building, it makes me tingle all over to think that I am a small part of the great Relief Society organization.

—Mrs. Leila Baker
Klamath Falls, Oregon

The December issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* is priceless. I have ordered extra copies for some dear friends who do not belong to our Church, and I am sure they will appreciate having them.

—Eliza M. Wakefield
Carlsbad, New Mexico

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

onthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Belle S. Spafford - - - - - - - - - President
Marianne C. Sharp - - - - - - - - First Counselor
Helen W. Anderson - - - - - - - Second Counselor
Hulda Parker - - - - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

nna B. Hart, lith S. Elliott, orence J. Madsen, one G. Layton, anche B. Stoddard, Evon W. Peterson, Louise W. Madsen, Aleine M. Young, Josie B. Bay, Christine H. Robinson, Alberta H. Christensen, Mildred B. Eyring, Gladys S. Boyer, Charlotte A. Larsen, Edith P. Backman, Winniefred S. Manwaring, Elna P. Haymond, Annie M. Ellsworth, Mary R. Young, Mary V. Cameron, Afton W. Hunt

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

litor - - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
sociate Editor - - - - - - - - - Vesta P. Crawford
ssistant to the Editor - - - - - - - - - June Nielsen
eneral Manager - - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford

ol. 44 APRIL 1957 No. 4

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

e Family and the Resurrection — Roy W. Doxey 212
e Northern Far East Mission — Preston R. Nibley 218
lling **The Relief Society Magazine** — Thomas S. Monson 227
hat Is Joy? — Jennie Brown Rawlins 237
nning Our Goal — 243
ght Cancer With Research, Education, and Service — Walter J. Kohler 246
e Value of Poetry — Elaine C. Southwick 248
e Three Wise Women — Fredrika Clinch 257
New Quilt for an Old Home — Jane T. Mattice 258
ake Them Feel Secure — Caroline Eyring Miner 265
Look Backward and Forward, Relief Society All the Way — Annie W. Westover 266
rmosa — Culinary Melting Pot — Edna B. Culmsee 267
lemma — Wilma Boyle Bunker 275

FICTION—SPECIAL APRIL SHORT STORIES

ountain Vacation — Deone R. Sutherland 220
w Shoes for Flo — Wanda F. Hilton 230
ing Modern — Frances C. Yost 252
o of a Kind — Maude Rubin 260
e Bright Star—Serial—Chapter Two — Dorothy S. Romney 271

GENERAL FEATURES

m Near and Far — 210
ty Years Ago — 238
man's Sphere — Ramona W. Cannon 239
itorial: Blessings Attendant Upon an Office — Marianne C. Sharp 240
In Memoriam—Nettie Maria Davis Bradford — 241
tes to the Field: Hymn of the Month — 242
tes From the Field: Relief Society Activities — Hulda Parker 276
thday Congratulations — 280

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

t's Garden With Half the Work — Dorthea N. Newbold 234
cipes From the Northern Far East Mission — Frances P. Andrus 244
riam Diplock Land Welcomes Opportunities to Serve — 270
w to Plant Small Seeds — Elizabeth Williamson 279

POETRY

ricot Blossoms — Frontispiece — Christie Lund Coles 209
mphor Trees — Elsie McKinnon Strachan 233
e Smallest One's Prayer — Maryhale Woolsey 233
gacy — Leslie Savage Clark 242
Easter Thought — Della Adams Leitner 247
eting Place — Catherine E. Berry 251
ne to Grow — Ada Marie Patten 270
te Spring — Eva Willes Wangsgaard 275
Lad — Dorothy J. Roberts 278
mela — Ethel Jacobson 278
union — Vesta N. Lukei 278

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

itorial and Business Offices: 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah: Phone EMpire 4-2511; bscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; yable in advance. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at ce, giving old and new address.

tered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under e Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in tion 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned lless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. e **Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

The Family and the Resurrection

Roy W. Doxey

Assistant Professor of Religion
Brigham Young University

THE greatest events are those which affect the greatest number. There is no event that will ever happen to individuals or nations which is as important as the resurrection. There is no event for which one should more carefully prepare than for this experience. Although "man is that he might have joy" (2 Nephi 2:25), and "happiness is the object and design of our existence," there cannot be a *fulness* of joy in this life. The greatest joys attainable to the sons and daughters of God are those which come when they are resurrected. This great truth is proclaimed in a revelation given to the Prophet Joseph Smith:

> For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element, inseparably connected, receive a fulness of joy; And when separated, man cannot receive a fulness of joy (D. & C. 93:33-34).

The importance of this great truth cannot be overestimated as a contribution to one's understanding of the purposes of God for his children.

The interest in and appreciation of the valued information possessed by the Latter-day Saints concerning the resurrection is well expressed by President Brigham Young when he said: "A true knowledge and a correct understanding of the resurrection is a source of great comfort and joy to a Saint of God" (*Teachings of Pres. Brigham Young*, page 19).

The feelings and the actuality of the resurrection for mankind were known to the Prophet Joseph Smith, in part, by the following vision which he related upon learning of the death of Lorenzo D. Barnes in England:

> I will tell you what I want. If tomorrow I shall be called to lie in yonder tomb, in the morning of the resurrection let me strike hands with my father, and cry, "My father," and he will say, "My son, my son," as soon as the rock rends and before we come out of our graves.
>
> And may we contemplate these things so? Yes, if we learn how to live and how to die. . . .
>
> Would you think it strange if I relate what I have seen in vision in relation to this interesting theme? Those who have died in Jesus Christ may expect to enter into all that fruition of joy when they come forth, which they possessed or anticipated here.
>
> So plain was the vision, that I actually saw men, before they had ascended from the tomb, as though they were getting up slowly. They took each other by the hand and said to each other, "My father, my son, my mother, my daughter, my brother, my sister." And when the voice calls for the dead to arise, suppose I am laid by the side of my father, what would be the first joy of my heart? To meet my father, my mother, my brother, my sister; and when they are by my side, I embrace them and they me. . . .
>
> Oh! how I would delight to bring before you things which you never thought of! But poverty and the cares of the world prevent. But I am glad I have the privilege of communicating to you some things which, if grasped closely, will be a help to you when earthquakes bellow, the clouds gather, the lightnings flash, and the storms are ready to burst upon you like peals of thunder. Lay hold of these things and let not your knees or joints tremble, nor your hearts faint; and then what can earthquakes, wars and tornadoes do? Nothing. All your losses will be made up to you in the resurrection, pro-

led you continue faithful. By the vis-n of the Almighty I have seen it.

More painful to me are the thoughts annihilation than death. If I have no pectation of seeing my father, mother, others, sisters and friends again, my art would burst in a moment, and I ould go down to my grave.

The expectation of seeing my friends in e morning of the resurrection cheers soul and makes me bear up against e evils of life. It is like their taking long journey, and on their return we et them with increased joy.

God has revealed His Son from the avens and the doctrine of the resurrec-n also; and we have a knowledge that ose we bury here God will bring up ain, clothed upon and quickened by the irit of the great God; and what mat-eth it whether we lay them down, or lay down with them, when we can ep them no longer? Let these truths k down in our hearts, that we may n here begin to enjoy that which shall in full hereafter (*D.H.C.*, V:361-362).

THE sentiments expressed in the foregoing would seem to give all Latter-day Saint mothers an opportunity to teach their children e subject of the resurrection and implications concerning the ties affection which bind families to-ther. Latter-day Saints are blessed hly by the guidance of God's velations through the living oracles d also the modern books of scrip-re. The testimonies of the ophets, both ancient and modern, e rich sources of material for larging our understanding and stimonies concerning such funda-ental doctrines as the resurrection. the language of the Prophet seph Smith these testimonies ncerning the mission of Jesus hrist constitute the fundamental inciples of our religion:

The fundamental principles of our re-ion are the testimony of the Apostles d Prophets, concerning Jesus Christ, that He died, was buried, and rose again the third day, and ascended into heaven; and all other things which pertain to our religion are only appendages to it. But in connection with these, we believe in the gift of the Holy Ghost, the power of faith, the enjoyment of the spiritual gifts according to the will of God, the restoration of the house of Israel, and the final triumph of truth (*D.H.C.*, III:30).

There is another area of interest and profit for Latter-day Saint mothers to instruct their children which follows the "testimony of the Apostles and Prophets." It is the place of prophecy concerning the divine mission of Jesus Christ, an important part of which is the resurrection. Probably no better place is found in scripture concerning the functioning of a prophet and the witness he leaves than the thoughts expressed by Jacob the son of Lehi. In suggesting that a purpose of writing upon plates of metal during the Nephite dispensation was to bring to their descendants a knowledge of their fathers and of their joy in what God had revealed to them, Jacob writes:

For, for this intent have we written these things, that they may know that we knew of Christ, and we had a hope of his glory many hundred years before his coming; and not only we ourselves had a hope of his glory, but also all the holy prophets which were before us.

Behold, they believed in Christ and worshiped the Father in his name. . . .

Wherefore, we search the prophets, and we have many revelations and the spirit of prophecy; and having all of these witnesses we obtain a hope, and our faith becometh unshaken, insomuch that we truly can command in the name of Jesus and the very trees obey us, or the mountains, or the waves of the sea. . . .

Behold, great and marvelous are the works of the Lord. How unsearchable are the depths of the mysteries of him; and it is impossible that man should find out all his ways. And no man knoweth of

his ways save it be revealed unto him; wherefore, brethren, despise not the revelations of God. . . .

Wherefore, brethren, seek not to counsel the Lord, but to take counsel from his hand. For behold, ye yourselves know that he counseleth in wisdom, and in justice, and in great mercy, over all his works (Jacob 4:4 ff.).

JACOB continues by emphasizing the necessity of being reconciled to Christ through his atonement that "ye may obtain a resurrection, according to the power of the resurrection which is in Christ. . . ." (verse 11). Then Jacob suggests the place of prophecy in the eternal plan:

Behold, my brethren, he that prophesieth, let him prophesy to the understanding of men; for the Spirit speaketh the truth and lieth not. Wherefore, it speaketh of things as they really are, and of things as they really will be; wherefore, these things are manifested unto us plainly, for the salvation of our souls. But behold, we are not witnesses alone in these things; for God also spake them unto prophets of old (Jacob 4:13).

By reason of God's foreknowledge, he inspired his divinely ordained prophets centuries before the earthly mission of Jesus, to know that Jesus would be raised from the dead. (See Mosiah 13:33-35.) The prophets in all dispensations have looked forward to the time when death would be removed permanently, and the grave would no longer hold a victory over the spirits and bodies of men. Probably one of the best Old Testament prophecies of this event is the 19th verse of the 26th chapter of Isaiah:

Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew (sorrow or death) is as the dew of herbs (death shall quickly pass away as dew disappears by the rays of the morning sun), and the earth shall cast out the dead. (Words in parentheses author's.)

Other Old Testament prophets proclaimed the coming resurrection as the hope of Israel and of all men. Latter-day Saints will remember the prophecies of Job (See Job 19:25-27), who witnessed that he would come forth from the grave as a tangible, immortalized being; of Ezekiel (See Ezekiel 37:1-14), who spoke of the literal joining of the physical body of flesh and bones; and of Daniel's (See Daniel 12:2) testimony that both the just and the unjust would come forth to a resurrected life.

Book of Mormon prophets have their prophecies (testimonies) recorded that we in this dispensation would have greater faith and understanding of this fundamental subject. Abinadi (Mosiah 16:7-10), Amulek (Alma 11:41-44), Jacob (2 Nephi 9:6-8, 11-13), Alma (40:21-23), and Samuel the Lamanite (Helaman 14:15-16) pointed out that by reason of the mission performed by Jesus all men would receive their bodies again never more to be separated.

The predictions of these many prophets concerning the resurrection, attest, with the many other prophecies now fulfilled, that God, and not man, is the sovereign of this world. For those who have faith in the divine scriptures, there is ample justification for believing that God's promises will not go unfulfilled, as he has made these promises to his "apostles and prophets."

ATTER-day Saint parents and, especially, the mothers have a onderful opportunity to teach ieir children the answers to gospel iestions raised by their children. ist such a question as "Why did sus come alive again?" was an-vered in a most informative article President Joseph Fielding Smith the August 1954 issue of the nprovement Era, pages 559, 578. brief summary of that article fol-ws, in order that those mothers ho do not have access to the article ay be prepared with the answer this question:

All of us lived as spirit sons and ughters of our Heavenly Father fore we were born into this life. iere we learned that this earth-e was to be a probationary place iere we would be tested and given e privilege of walking by faith d, if faithful in keeping the Lord's mmandments, we might become e our Father in heaven. Adam d Eve, our first parents, were not bject to death when placed in the arden of Eden, and they would ve remained there, without chil-en, forever, if they did not become ortal, as we are today (2 Nephi 22-25; Moses 5:11). After their insgression, they were driven from e Garden and the children born them inherited death. Thus eryone of us would have come der the power of Satan after ath, if there had been no atone-nt. If we were not restored to e our spirits would become sub-t to Satan forever, and our bodies ould have remained in the grave thout end (2 Nephi 9:6-13).

Under the merciful plan of sal-tion prepared in the pre-earth life, sus became the one who would redeem mankind from their helpless state. It was necessary that Jesus come to this earth, having the power over death, by his being born of our Eternal Father, and at the same time capable of dying because his mother, Mary, was a mortal being like us. Jesus was different from us in being the only one who had such power over death and, therefore, capable of taking up his life again as a resurrected being (John 5:26-27; 10:17-18).

By shedding his blood on the cross Jesus could redeem us. After he came forth from the tomb he had power to bring every person from the grave. Following his own resurrection on that first Easter day, Jesus did open the graves of the righteous saints who had lived before the time of his crucifixion (Mt. 27:52-53).

President Smith concluded his article by stating that all teachers of children should have "the correct understanding of the doctrine of the resurrection, and how we became redeemed through the shedding of the blood of Jesus Christ."

ONE of the most beautiful and satisfying doctrines for Latter-day Saint mothers as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith is that of the perpetuity of family associations in the future life. Latter-day Saints understand that the next step in our eternal progression is the spirit world to which Jesus went at death (I Peter 3:18-20) and where the spirits of all men go (Alma 40:11-14). The spirit world is a place of further education where opportunities for improvement for both the righteous and the wicked are available. The spirit of the de-

parted child goes to that world as well as the adult who dies at an advanced age. Both are adult in form, however, regardless of the size of the physical body at death (*Gospel Doctrine*, 6th ed., page 455). This fact concerning the deceased child does not allow for the belief of some Latter-day Saint mothers that they will rear their children in the spirit world. The Prophet Joseph Smith taught that the fulfillment of this promise will come in the resurrection, as expressed in these words by President Joseph F. Smith:

> Joseph Smith declared that the mother who laid down her little child, being deprived of the privilege, the joy, and the satisfaction of bringing it up to manhood or womanhood in this world, would, *after the resurrection*, have all the joy, satisfaction, and pleasure, and even more than it would have been possible to have had in mortality, in seeing her child grow to the full measure of the status of its spirit (*Gospel Doctrine*, 6th ed., p. 453; Cf. *D.H.C.*, IV:555-557). (Words in italics the author's)

It seems most appropriate at this point to quote from the Prophet Joseph Smith, as given above in the account of his vision of the resurrection, "All your losses will be made up to you in the resurrection, provided you continue faithful. By the vision of the Almighty I have seen it." Consistent with this teaching are the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith in setting forth the truth that the resurrected body though differing in size, as we differ here in mortality, shall be glorious, whether old or young:

> In order for you to receive your children to yourselves you must have a promise—some ordinance; some blessing, in order to ascend above principalities, or else it may be an angel. They must arise just as they died; we can there hail our lovely infants with the same glory—the same loveliness in the celestial glory, where they all enjoy alike. They differ in stature, in size, the same glorious spirit gives them the likeness of glory and bloom; the old man with his silvery hairs will glory in bloom and beauty. No man can describe it to you—no man can write it (*D.H.C.*, VI:366).

It was the testimony of Alma that as resurrected beings we shall have perfect bodies because the disfigurements of the flesh will be removed. This assurance is another phase of the resurrection understood by the ancient prophets and proclaimed anew by our inspired leaders of this dispensation that provides comfort for all.

> The soul shall be restored to the body, and the body to the soul; yea, and every limb and joint shall be restored to its body; yea, even a hair of the head shall not be lost; but all things shall be restored to their proper and perfect frame (Alma 40:23).

In bearing witness of the redeeming power of Jesus, who was yet to come in the flesh, Amulek gave this eloquent testimony relative to the perfected, resurrected body, and the equally profound truth that when we are resurrected we shall remain forever united, both spirit and body:

> Now, there is a death which is called a temporal death; and the death of Christ shall loose the bands of this temporal death, that all shall be raised from this temporal death.
>
> The spirit and the body shall be reunited again in its *perfect* form; both limb and joint shall be restored to its proper frame, even as we now are at this time; and we shall be brought to stand before God, knowing even as we know now, and have a bright recollection of all our guilt.
>
> Now, this restoration shall come to all, both old and young, both bond and free, both male and female, both the wicked and the righteous; and even there shall not be so much as a hair of their heads

: lost; but every thing shall be restored its *perfect frame*, as it is now, or in e body, and shall be brought and be raigned before the bar of Christ the Son, d God the Father, and the Holy Spirit, hich is one Eternal God, to be judged ccording to their works, whether they be od or whether they be evil.

Now, behold, I have spoken unto you ncerning the death of the mortal body, d also concerning the resurrection of the ortal body. I say unto you that this ortal body is raised to an immortal body, at is from death, even from the first ath unto life, *that they can die no more; eir spirits uniting with their bodies, never be divided;* thus the whole becoming iritual and immortal, that they can no re see corruption (Alma 11:42-45). Words in italics the author's).

AS we contemplate the testimonies of the prophets, we are yet to alize that as we have lived here mortality, so shall we be blessed condemned. The Lord has prom- d his saints that by their bedience to the laws of righteous- ss, they shall receive a celestial surrection, even "the same body hich was a natural body; even ye all receive your bodies, and your ory shall be that glory by which our bodies are quickened" (D. & C. 3:28). The body received in the surrection will be our own and ot that of another. Might not ere be a lesson here for parents to ach their children the observance revealed laws concerning health d moral cleanliness?

How fortunate are the Latter-day ints in the knowledge of the resur- ction and its many ramifications! ow much more blessed are we in aching our children that by reason the restoration of the gospel, we ve modern witnesses of the reality the resurrection. Resurrected ings in the persons of Moroni, hn the Baptist, Elijah, Moses, and her prophets have come to earth bringing their honors, rights, privileges, keys, and blessings for the eternal salvation of all who will believe and obey. Each one of these prophets by his appearance in this dispensation to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery has attested to the literalness and the reality of the resurrection of the body.

"The greatest events are those which affect the greatest number." The resurrection brought about by the atonement of Jesus Christ will affect every being who has lived, who does now live, or will yet live in mortality. Everyone will be raised from physical death to the resurrection of the body. There is no exception. (See Acts 24:15; Rev. 20:13; Alma 12:16-18.)

"There is no event for which one should more carefully prepare than for this experience (the resurrection)." The *kind* of resurrected body a person receives is determined by the law the person has elected to live (D. & C. 88:20-32). There is "a better resurrection" (Heb. 11:35). The Lord has revealed in plainness that there are bodies celestial, terrestrial, telestial, and that as one is resurrected so one will inherit a kingdom of glory commensurate with the kind of body he receives in the resurrection. There will even be differences in the celestial kingdom between those who have lived the fulness of the law and those who have been less valiant. It is only through obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ that man will receive the celestial kingdom. It is only by obedience to the *fulness* of the gospel of Jesus Christ that man may reach the heights of godhood (D. & C. 131:1-4; 132:28-33; 93:26-28; 130:20-21).

The Northern Far East Mission

Preston R. Nibley

THE Northern Far East Mission is one of the recently organized missions of the Church. It was formed on July 28, 1955, at a missionary conference held in Karuizawa, Japan, under the direction of President Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve. The first president of the new mission, which comprised the countries of Japan, Okinawa, and Korea, was Hilton A. Robertson who, previously, had presided over the Japanese Mission.

The preaching of the gospel in Japan began in August 1901, when Elder Heber J. Grant of the Council of the Twelve, accompanied by Elders Horace S. Ensign, Louis A. Kelsch, and Alma O. Taylor, arrived in that land for the purpose of opening a mission for the Church. At Yokohama, on September 1st, the missionaries "ascended one of the hills in the vicinity of Yokohama and held a meeting, during which President Grant dedicated the land of Japan for the proclamation of the gospel." Soon afterwards the mission headquarters was established at Tokyo. The work grew slowly and it was not until March 1902, that the first baptism was performed. In 1904, Elder Alma O. Taylor, assisted by Elder Fred A. Caine, and several educated Japanese, translated The Book of Mormon into the Japanese language. However, few converts were made. In 1920 the membership of the Church in Japan numbered only 127. Four years later, under the direction of the First Presidency, the mission was closed.

In the spring of 1948, the Japanese Mission was again opened, with Elder Edward L. Clissold as president. The active work of proselyting has continued since that time.

Japan Photo-Movie Service
Photograph submitted by Hazel M. Robertson

KAGAWA RITSURIN PARK, JAPAN

This place is claimed to be one of the most exquisite landscape gardens in the world.

·an Photo-Movie Service
otograph submitted by Hazel M. Robertson

PAGODA IN SPRING

This five-storied pagoda stands in Ueno Park, Japan, its oriental architecture en-ıced in this picture by the cherry blossoms in full bloom. The pagoda, said to be ɔ years old, is considered a national treasure.

Korea was dedicated for the preaching of the gospel, on August 2, 55, and Okinawa twelve days later, both by President Joseph Fielding ıith, as he made a tour of the Northern Far East Mission. The mem-rship of the mission, as reported on December 31, 1956, was 1211. der Paul Charles Andrus is now serving as the mission president. Thirty-ır Relief Society organizations, with 231 members, were reported in ɔcember 1956. Frances P. Andrus presides over the Northern Far East ission Relief Society.

Mountain Vacation

Deone R. Sutherland

MARGERY wiped the oatmeal out of Baby Jeff's hair. "You, now," she said sternly, "you've got to look your prettiest this morning. Help me catch Daddy in a good mood." She buttered Bill's toast and then sprinkled sugar and cinnamon on it and popped it into the oven. "Sure as I do," she said to herself, "this will be his everything-plain morning."

Bobby and Willie Jr. came tumbling and arguing down the stairs. The three-year-old tumbled into his chair at the table.

Margery caught the milk just before he spilled it over the side of the bowl.

"I don't want you two to say anything at the table this morning," Margery said to them politely. "I want you to play you're on a secret mission. It's so secret you can't say anything."

"What a silly game," Willie said with his mouth full.

"What a silly game," Bobby echoed, filling his.

"Nevertheless," Margery said sternly, "I want you to play it no matter what."

Bill came running down the stairs, and Margery gave his place a last flourish just as he sat down.

"Well, this does look nice." He opened his napkin. "Can't you boys even wait for the blessing? Willie, it's your turn."

Willie looked inquiringly at Margery, and when she nodded, he swallowed his food, bowed his head, and asked the blessing.

"You know I like my toast plain," Bill said as he dished his oatmeal and swallowed his milk.

"Carma Stewart called, dear," Margery said, as she handed Bill an egg. "She wants me to help her chaperon her Beehive class on their canyon trip this week. I said I'd love to go, but I'd have to talk to you."

Bill was choking on his toast.

"It's only four days. Mother said she'd be happy to take the children during the day if you could manage them at night. I thought it would be a little vacation for me . . . ."

"How many girls?" Bill spluttered.

"Fourteen, dear, but they are older children, and they won't be any trouble—not compared to boys, anyway."

The three boys all looked at her with angelic, reproachful eyes.

Margery cleared her throat. "Oh, my boys are the very best, of course, but really Carma is desperate. They've promised the girls, and Dorothy, the other regular teacher, has had to go to California to be with her mother. Dear, you can't disappoint fourteen girls . . . ."

"How can you stand to leave us?" Bill's face wore a look of tragedy. "We'll talk about it tonight." He barely had time to grab his brief case and kiss her in the vicinity of her nose. He kissed each of the boys on the back of the head, since that seemed safest when they were eating, and he was gone.

Margery rang up Carma and told her she was almost sure she was going. Bill hadn't definitely said

to, and when he took all day to think of something he usually decided in her favor. Then she called her mother who was about as enthusiastic as Bill.

"Of course, I want you to do your duty, Marg, but maybe you won't be able to handle fourteen girls. I think it will be too much work for you. You know you're so impulsive—always rushing into things."

"Nonsense, Mother, I remember perfectly well being a Beehive girl myself. This will be a lark."

"Well," said her mother gloomily, "I only hope your three boys don't look like a rest cure when you come back from your *vacation!*"

BILL had carried the last toy into the car that the children were going to need at their grandmother's for the day. Margery was checking over supplies on the front porch. Bill had tied her bedroll the night before and tried to give her a few camping instructions.

"Really, Bill, Carma is the one who knows all about everything. I must do what she tells me. Gloria will be there to help her mother, and even if she is only Beehive age, still a daughter is often lots of help on a project like this. Carma says not to worry about a thing. The supplies will all be on the truck. I must have to take my bedroll and cooking utensils."

Bill came up on the porch. "What are all those magazines?" he asked suspiciously. He wasn't in his best humor this morning since he had had to get up an hour earlier than usual to feed the boys.

"They're just in case I get too bored, dear. Besides, I can help start fires with them if necessary."

"Humph," grunted Bill ungraciously.

He was putting the boys in the car for the third time when Carma's husband, John, drove up in front with the truck.

"I'll take your bedroll, Marg. Hello, Bill. Don't you wish you were going camping with us? No, I'm just going to be up there at night. Got to keep the business going, you know. Carma and Marg think they can keep things rolling in the daytime. Now, you girls have to sit down back there if you're going to ride in my truck. We're going to pick up most of the girls at the wardhouse. Carma's waiting over there for us. Can you make it up there, Marg?"

"Surely," Margery said, laughing, but Bill came and boosted the leg she was hopping up and down on unconvincingly.

"Wouldn't you rather ride in front?" Bill asked curiously.

"Oh, no, this will be fine. I'd better start out on an even footing with the girls, dear," Marg said just before she skinned her leg going over the side of the truck.

"Well, have fun, Marg." Bill blew her another kiss. The truck started with a lurch that almost threw Marg back into Bill's arms.

"For goodness sake," Bill shouted after the moving truck, "hold on."

"I will." Marg waved briefly, for she now needed both hands.

"It's easier if you sit up here with your back to the cab, Sister Clark," shouted Joanie Turner.

"Thank you," Marg called back, but she was afraid to let go and move forward. It would look too ridiculous to go crawling about on her hands and knees. She would

wait until they got to the ward-house to make the change. She tried to blow her hair out of her mouth. She didn't know which was worse, the dust in her eyes or her flapping hair. There had been no point in setting her hair last night, she could see now.

Carma was waiting at the ward-house. "Well, you look as though you're having fun," she called out at last. "Don't you want to ride in front?"

"If you think the girls will be all right," Marg said, climbing out of the truck without waiting for an answer.

"Oh, yes," Carma said. "Now, girls, place your bedrolls along the sides and back of the truck and use them to sit on. No standing, shoving, or fooling while the truck is en route."

Carma gave directions with real authority. Margery looked at her with admiration. The girls hustled to obey. They were attractive youngsters for the most part. The little Wright girl had a smear of bright red lipstick across her mouth. Though she was pulling her bedroll along with the others, she somehow seemed apart. Margery felt a slight twinge of pity. Some girls always hurled themselves into this growing-up business too soon.

Marg adjusted her legs into the cab of the truck. They began the long climb into the canyon. The shifting of the truck's gears set Margery's nerves tingling and somehow brought to her mind the active play of her boys. She felt homesick for a moment, but then she swallowed hard. She was going to enjoy these few days of vacation or know the reason why. She turned her attention to the increasing amount of foliage outside her window. They were actually coming into the mountains now. She caught her breath at the beauty of the pines climbing the mountains on both sides of the truck.

"HERE we are at last," John said cheerfully, swinging the truck off the road into a rutted lane. Then he pulled the brake of the truck. "This is as far as we go with the truck; we carry the stuff across that bridge down there and then follow the trail around the mountain over there to the snug little camping place."

"My goodness," Margery exclaimed on her third trip back to the truck for supplies, "I never would have believed we'd need all this stuff for just four days."

"The food is the largest item," Carma said. "Then you carried the tent by mistake, and I'll have to admit that was pretty heavy. Here comes John for the other tent now."

"The girls are making it fine," John smiled happily. "You girls can bring the rest of the stuff now. I'm going up and try to get these two tents set up before it gets much later. I want to get a fire going, too."

Margery looked around. Carma and she were the only ones left by the truck. "I'll go up and assign the girls partners and send them out for wood," Carma said.

That left only Marg. There were at least three boxes of food left in the truck. "I'll start on these," she said cheerfully.

"Fine," John called back over his shoulder. He was struggling with the other tent across the bridge.

No, I have a better idea, Margery ought. I'll go get a couple of the rls to help me with the rest of ese supplies.

She had unloaded half a box so e could carry it, but now she dn't know how she was going to t the small things she'd taken out wn to the camp, except to bring em item by item. Maybe she uld find an extra box or two at e camp. She went across the idge and followed the winding il into the snug little camp. John d one tent partially up, and the rls were dumping twigs and sticks the fireplace. The Wright girl s pulling at some twigs on a arby tree. She didn't seem to be ith a partner.

"Betty—say, I wonder if you'd ind helping me with some of the pplies? I don't think I'll ever get em all up here to the camp by yself. I think I've been deserted."

Betty Wright nodded her head ickly and started down the path the bridge. But not before argery thought she saw the glist- ing of tears on her lashes.

Marg chattered all the way back the truck. "I think I sprained y back carrying that tent. I was noble. I thought I was carrying gar or flour or something. I ould have left it for Brother ewart, but once you're in the mid- e of that footbridge, there is no rning back."

Betty was smiling when they ached the truck, and they were le to manage a box between them. It was almost dark before the ck was completely unloaded. hn had left his work on the tent get the fire going so they could ok an early supper.

"There seem to be a few clouds coming up there, so maybe if you're going to use the fire it would be wisest to get that started."

Carma and Margery tore open boxes, looking for the cooking utensils. The girls ran up and down the mountains, screaming and giggling. There was now enough wood to build ten twig houses, Margery thought.

"There, I think that finishes that tent," John said, just as Gloria Stewart moaned, "Daddy!"

"What is it, baby, what is it?" Gloria lay doubled up on her bedroll. "It's that pain in my side. It hasn't gone away, and now it hurts so I can't stand up straight."

Carma Stewart knelt by her daughter and felt her forehead. "How long have you had the pain?"

"Well, it hurt a little at home today, but I didn't want to tell you because I thought maybe you wouldn't let me go camping . . . ." She stopped talking to moan again.

The girls began to look frightened. John and Carma had a quick conference. Then they talked to Margery. They would take Gloria down to Dr. Cambell's in the truck. It might be appendicitis, and they didn't know how serious it might be if they let it go very long. Margery nodded. There was nothing else to do.

John pointed to the other tent. "Just follow exactly what I did with this tent. You won't have any trouble. If the doctor says it's nothing serious, we'll come back tonight no matter how late it is. At any rate, we'll get back up in the morning or send someone to help you out."

He was struggling to pick up Gloria, who felt she couldn't walk to the truck. Carma ran along behind them. Margery and the girls waved until they were out of sight.

MARGERY turned cheerfully to the girls and immediately forgot what she was going to say. The first drops of rain began to fall.

The raindrops were big and insistent. "Pull your bedrolls under the tent that's up," Margery said hoarsely, "and then help me to get this food covered up again and put back into the boxes."

"But Sister Clark, we're starving," one of the girls groaned.

Margery picked up a magazine and held it over her head. It was no use trying to sort out the food now. It was getting wet, and it would be impossible to cook anything tonight.

"Grab anything that looks edible and pull it into the tent," Marg offered.

There was a blast of thunder and a shattering streak of lightning that sent the screaming girls into the tent.

"Mrs. Clark, there isn't nearly room for all of us in here."

Three or four of the girls could get only their heads into the tent. Mrs. Clark watched the rain spatter down the protruding levis.

"Pull the other tent over here. Come on, you'll have to help me get it open."

Margery felt her hair beginning to string down the side of her face. She skidded in the mud as she tried to open the tent. She had it open once and almost over the rope when a gust of wind whipped it and her against the muddy ground.

"I give up," she said. "Come on, just pull that end of it over the food. You girls will simply have to hold it over you, that's all."

Margery squatted in the mud, tenting the dripping canvas with her head. Her hair not only felt wet, but she was sure the canvas leaning heavily upon her was also muddy.

Merle Strong leaned out of the tent that was up. "Sister Clark, would you like a raw weiner?"

"You mean cold weiner," Margery said, but Merle couldn't hear above the rain, so she just shook her head.

She really ought to go over and see what they were trying to eat in there. One of the girls who squatted under the canvas with her had reported something about a huge package of raw bacon. She was sure that nobody was desperate enough to attempt to eat that though.

MERLE Strong's head showed in the tent again, but Margery couldn't hear what she was shouting. In a moment she reappeared with a blanket over her head and ran over to Margery. She stooped under Margery's canvas with the others. "Sister Clark, Bonnie and Jean thought they saw the lights of the truck, and they ran back to see. They've been gone ages, and we are getting worried."

Margery felt her heart in her throat. "When did they go?" she gasped. She must keep calm.

"Oh, right after it first started raining" Merle commented eagerly.

"I'll leave you in charge of your tent. Don't let anyone go looking for anything or anybody. I'll have to go find the girls."

Marg watched Merle run back rough the rain. The five girls nder the canvas nodded solemnly Margery's directions.

Margery got her blanket out of r bedroll and draped it around r. She hadn't gone six yards be- re she felt someone panting be- nd her. Betty Wright clung to r arm.

"Let me go with you. I really nt to be some help."

Margery's heart was pounding too rd for speech. She nodded grate- lly and pulled Betty against her. hat had been a fairly simple trail follow to camp had now become muddy, slippery obstacle course. own below them the creek roared enacingly. It was too dark to see ything except during the flashes lightning. Bill always comforted r during thunderstorms at home. e thought of Bill's comfortable oulder with unbelievable yearn- g. The thought of her boys ought tears of self-pity to her es. What had she ever done to serve this? To lose two girls!

It took them almost half an hour reach the bridge. Margery put r hand on the bridge rail, and her art failed her. She could not oss. Yet they hadn't seen a sign the girls on the trail. She and tty lifted their heads to shout nce more.

"Sister Clark?" the girls' voices me from the other side of the idge.

A lightning flash revealed the two rls sitting in the shelter of a huge ee. Margery almost snatched em out from under the tree.

"I know we shouldn't have stayed ere, but we were afraid to go any ace else, Sister Clark. You're not mad or anything at us, Sister Clark?"

"No, no!" Margery smiled with relief in the darkness. "I'm so happy we found you, but get out from under that tree at once." She hugged the girls, and they started single file back to the tent.

"Hey, Betty, you were a real sport to come looking for us, too. I don't know what we'd have done if somebody hadn't come. Honestly, we thought those lights were the truck coming back, and we thought we'd get first shelter or something."

Margery pulled the girls along behind her, hugging the side of the trail closest to the mountain. Betty surely seemed at home with the girls now. She looked like a different girl with her face washed clean. She was as attractive as any of them.

When they got back to the tent, the girls pulled Betty, Jean, and Bonnie into the tent to hear of their adventures. Margery returned to crouch under her end of the canvas. She settled her blanket in the least muddy spot she could find and leaned on her elbow for some rest. A glitter in the mud caught her eye during a flash as she settled herself. Betty Wright's lipstick. She pocketed it quietly. There would be time enough to return it to Betty later.

THE sun brought the day to the most bedraggled Beehive class in the land of Zion, Margery thought. Her heart sank when she saw the number of muddy blankets and the poor condition of their supplies. But first things first. They must have a hot breakfast. All the wood that had been gathered was wet. If she had only thought to pull some it under the canvas.

But the girls were scurrying about, searching under heavy pines for dry spots to find twigs. Margery gasped at how fresh and young they seemed. She felt as if every bone in her body ached in several places. The ingenious girls soon had a fire going, and Margery cooked and cooked until she was ready to swoon from hunger.

BY noon the truck had come back with John and Carma.

"Yes, it was appendicitis, all right," Carma explained. "They did an emergency operation, but she's doing fine. We'll go down again tonight, at least one of us will, to see her in the hospital, but we'll be able to pull our share up here now. Marg, you really do look terrible. Is that mud you've got in your hair?"

They decided to spend this second day washing blankets and drying them out on branches. Margery heated water and rinsed her hair. Before she had time to put a bobby-pin in, another hike was scheduled, and the activities roared on with astounding regularity. By the time the evening program around the campfire was over, Margery yearned only for sleep. Her hair would just have to wait.

The fourth day finally dawned, and some of the girls actually shed tears that this was the day they were leaving their camp.

Betty Wright ran up to her and laid her cheek against Margery's straight hair. "Oh, Sister Clark, this has been the most wonderful four days of my life. They've been more fun . . . ."

Margery felt the lipstick in her pocket. "Betty, does this belong to you? I found it . . . ."

Betty's cheeks rosied just a little. "It's mine, Sister Clark."

Margery smiled at her. "You really don't need it, Betty; you're so pretty without it."

"Thank you, Sister Clark. No, I'm not going to bother using it anymore until the rest of my friends do. Keep it for me, will you?"

Betty was gone to some of the girls who were calling for her. Margery dropped the lipstick back into her pocket.

Yes, the canyon was beautiful, Margery noticed on the way down. It seemed ages ago since that day they had driven up. Bill and the boys were waiting at the church with other parents, relatives, and friends.

Margery almost broke her leg trying to get to them before they got to her.

"Are you thinner?" Bill asked.

"What's the matter with your hair?" Willie asked curiously.

Margery hushed them, trying to smile and keep back the tears at the same time. Just then some of the girls' shouted conversations reached her ears. They were so enthusiastic, so full of energy.

Margery couldn't help hearing, "The most wonderful canyon trip you can ever imagine, Daddy. The very best part was the first night when it rained like mad, and we had the craziest adventures. Gloria's going to be green with envy because . . . ."

It was only the thought of a hot bath and shampoo that led Margery to turn away from one of the most surprising conversations she had ever heard. Later, she would try to understand the sudden feeling of well-being that flooded even to the tips of her fingers.

Selling The Relief Society Magazine

Thomas S. Monson
Assistant Manager, Deseret News Press

[Speech delivered at the Magazine Department, Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 4, 1956]

I approach the responsibility of addressing this large gathering of Relief Society Magazine representatives humbly. I realize that it would be difficult to assemble a sales force that is more dedicated to its product than are you. It is important that we be dedicated, that we accept the callings given us, that we strive for perfection in our performance.

Placing myself in the position of a sales representative for *The Relief Society Magazine*, I have tried to note a few principles which I believe would help me perform my assignment more successfully. These principles comprise, what I call, a "Be Chart for Successful Selling of *The Relief Society Magazine*."

Be Informed

To *Be Informed* is the first principle on our chart for successful selling. We must be informed regarding all phases of our product.

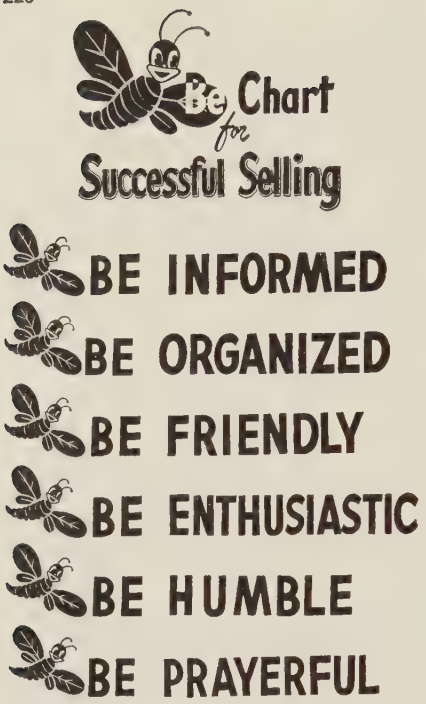
We must be intimately acquainted with the contents of the *Magazine* and the varied uses to which its contents can be put. For example, we must convince our sisters that by reading the editorials and historical items in the *Magazine*, they will be better informed. We should show them that by reading the lesson material they will be in position to participate more intelligently in their class discussions. By using the recipes found in the *Magazine*, they will be better cooks.

In short, we can say to our potential subscribers: "If you would be a better cook, know the progress of Relief Society work, be prepared for your lessons, you can realize these objectives by simply subscribing to and reading your *Relief Society Magazine*."

In addition to knowing the contents of our *Magazine*, we should have a knowledge concerning its creation. *The Relief Society Magazine* doesn't just grow like "Topsy." Each item for its production is carefully selected, and after much thought and prayer, it is merged with others to provide the finished product. Did you know, for example, that Sister Spafford and her associates devoted many hours in selecting the correct paper on which to print the *Magazine*? A paper was desired which would give clear detail to the many photographs, yet be a paper that would not reflect a harsh glare. The heavy, enameled cover paper was selected to provide a durable cover and a printing surface on which scenes might be printed in finest detail.

Did you know that every type face available was studied carefully? Finally, a type face was selected that is open and legible, even for those readers whose sight might be impaired by advanced years? The very size of the *Magazine* was designed to facilitate easy handling and convenient binding into permanent volumes for your library shelves.

Before a page of the *Magazine* is printed, an electrotype mold is



made. The actual printing is done from an electrotype made from this mold. An electrotype will withstand much more wear than ordinary type. This guarantees that the printing will be as distinct and clear on the 150,000th copy as it was on the first copy.

Be Organized

Be Organized is our second principle. We should organize our time so that a selected period can be devoted to making our visits to the homes. When we make our visits, we should be prepared with all of the necessary materials, such as pencil and subscription book, so that we can properly prepare the order. A list of expiration dates is also helpful as a sales tool. When we are organized, our work becomes much more efficient and enjoyable.

Be Friendly

Be Friendly and carry a smile always. It is much easier to be convincing when we are friendly and happy to see our fellow members. We must never use harsh methods or force others to subscribe against their will. Instead, friendly persuasion must always be our selling technique.

Be Enthusiastic

Be Enthusiastic in our work. "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm," Ralph Waldo Emerson once observed. We note in the business world that after a salesman makes a successful call, it is much simpler for him to convince the second customer. In short, when a sale is completed, we naturally become enthusiastic, and this opens the way for the second sale.

Be Humble

Be Humble in your work. Realize that you are the Lord's emissary, and that you should carry his spirit in all your endeavors. The Prophet Joseph Smith offered this admonition:

> And no one can assist in this work except he shall be humble . . . (D. & C. 12:8).
>
> Be thou humble; and the Lord thy God shall lead thee by the hand, and give thee answer to thy prayers (D. & C. 112:10).

After you have succeeded in your work, remember to give the Lord the credit for your accomplishments.

Be Prayerful

Be Prayerful, always! Never make your visits without first calling upon the Lord for his divine assistance. Your assignment is important, and it requires inspiration from on high. Ask the Lord to bless you, and also to bless and to touch the hearts of the sisters that you visit.

Several years ago, a striking example of the efficacy of prayer came forcibly to my attention. Our ward

elief Society Magazine representa-ve was a little Scotch sister, Eliza-eth Keachie, who was most devoted o her assignment. She had de-rmined to visit every home in the ard to explain the benefits enjoyed y subscribing to *The Relief Society Magazine*. Each day before making er visits, she would kneel in prayer id ask her Heavenly Father to uide her activities.

AFTER many weeks she com-pleted her house-to-house cam-aign with the single exception of ie homes on a remote street that y in an industrialized area adjacent o the railroad tracks. Sister Keachie esitated visiting this area alone, id therefore she requested her siting teaching companion, Alice ohnson, to join her.

Sister Johnson commented that here were only one or two homes t best on the street and that no ember of the Church resided in ıy of them. But Sister Keachie as determined to complete her sk, and so they started down the minviting street.

Visits to the two homes yielded othing, but as they turned to leave, ister Keachie noted a curtain at ie window of a small garage located own a muddy alleyway behind one f the buildings. She persuaded er companion to visit this humble ırage with her. They knocked at ie door, and an elderly gentleman, inety-three years of age, greeted iem.

They explained the purpose of ieir visit and the benefits derived om subscribing to *The Relief So-iety Magazine*. The old gentle-nan talked to them for an hour nd finally subscribed. He also sked them if they would return ach month and talk to him about the Church. After securing permission from the ward Relief Society presidency, they added this small abode to their own regular visiting teaching district.

The months went by, and then the old gentleman started to attend Priesthood meetings. Eventually, he was advanced in the Priesthood. After about a year, he was ordained an elder in the Melchizedek Priesthood and applied for a temple recommend. He stated that his wife had died many years before and that he wanted to be sealed to her for the eternities to come. He also confided in me, as his bishop, that he had made her a promise many years ago that he would go to the temple and perform this important work.

The Sunday after he had completed his work in the temple, he stood up and bore his testimony in fast meeting. He paid tribute to Sister Keachie and Sister Johnson, the patient sisters of the Relief Society, for visiting him so faithfully, and then he praised *The Relief Society Magazine* and told of its importance in assisting him to build his testimony.

Ninety-four year-old Brother Ringwood died within six months of this meeting. I recalled this experience at his funeral service; and I am certain that the tears which filled the eyes of Sister Keachie and Sister Johnson were tears of gratitude for having faithfully performed their labors in a pleasing manner before the Lord.

You see, Sister Keachie was informed; she was organized, friendly, enthusiastic, humble, and prayerful, and because she followed these principles, she was successful! May we all be successful in our callings.

New Shoes for Flo

Wanda F. Hilton

SUMMERS when it was hot and dry, Flo did not wear shoes. She went barefoot Sunday through Saturday, month after month. Of course, there were things like bruised toes and thorn pricks, and it was always wise to look about carefully when climbing the rocky hillsides for rattlesnakes. The one pair of shoes, worn all winter, did well to last through the spring thaws.

With the last patch of snow melting in the spring sunshine, Flo's shoes, or what remained of them, melted away, too.

Flo loved those first days after the shoes were gone. It was good not always to be laboring to keep a ragged piece of leather tied in place. But after a few days, she just didn't give it a thought one way or another. Then as September trumpeted its arrival with red and gold pageantry, Flo began to dream of new shoes, and by Thanksgiving it was right uncomfortable to be without shoes because it was cold, cold, cold!

Then Flo's mother would wrap her feet in warm rags and that felt good as lông as she stayed indoors where it was warm and dry, but rags got wet if one ventured out, and then they were worse than nothing.

There was always one thing about the rag business, though, that made Flo's eyes bright and her dreams more real, for then Mother would begin talking about *shoes*.

Now, for two days Flo had been wearing rags, and she had kept her ears open for any mention of shoes. But for two days, so far as Flo knew, her mother had not given them a thought. It was now the beginning of the third day, and mother hadn't given one hint that she was even tinkering with the idea of suggesting that father ride into Rexburg and buy the winter stock of shoes and other necessities like bacon, sugar, and flour.

The blessing on the food had been given and the mush dished up, when Mother spoke.

"Jim," she asked in a matter-of-fact tone, "don't you think tomorrow might be as good a time as any to hitch up old Bess and Pet and drive to town and stock up? It's getting along in the season and things are running low. Flo could even do with some shoes, it's that cold."

Flo sat still and open-mouthed. Even though she had been expecting the words, they came as a rapturous shock.

"Yes, I guess it's time," Father answered looking up into Mother's face. "But are you willing that I should go now? Maybe I'd better wait a week or two."

Wait, thought Flo. What for? There had never been any talk of waiting before when Mother suggested the trip.

"In a week or two the road may be closed tight as snow can make it," Mother replied. "You usually have made the trip by now. I just realized it day before yesterday, when I had to wrap up Flo's feet. Best go right away. The sooner you

o, the sooner you will be back, nd that's the way I want it."

THERE had never before been allusions to things not being ist right, and it worried Flo; but n the hurried preparations for ather's going, she forgot her mis-ivings. Everything but joy van-hed when she looked at the long st of things for Father to buy.

The first item on the list was A pair of shoes for Floetta!"

That night just before she limbed into bed, Father stood her n a piece of paper on the table and aced the outline of her foot with is stubby pencil. It had tickled nd she had wiggled.

"Stop now," Father said. "You ust stand still and hard. Let your oot spread out as far as it will. We on't want those new shoes to be oo little."

Flo had gone to bed feeling that e had tried on her new shoes, nd soon she would have them for eeps.

At the moment of Father's de-arture, Flo recalled her misgivings, r Father seemed uncertain and esitant.

"You're sure you want me to o?" he asked, and Mother nodded, er face calm.

As the wagon jolted off over the ough, uneven trail, the calmness aded, and her face looked like inter, Flo thought, lonely and cold nd even fearful.

The Harris family lived far away om all the settlements and towns. ather, Flo had heard it said, had oor health and the natural hot pring about a mile from the cabin as good for whatever was the mat-r with him. So Father and Moth-er had sold their livery stables and town lots and moved up to no-where.

The cabin had been built close against the mountain where the aspen trees came down and snug-gled about in a tight friendly circle, only giving way a little for the path which led down to the road a half mile away.

The trip to town usually took about five days—two to go, one in which to do the shopping, and two to make the trip home. Father spent the two nights between home and town at the Williams' ranch.

Flo was sure Mother had never acted as if she were expecting Fa-ther before the fifth day before, but this time, the morning of the third day Mother began walking the half mile to the road and back again every little while. Her face looked white, and she said few words. When they knelt for prayer her petitions were urgent, and she stayed on her knees a long time.

When it was bedtime, Mother turned out the lamp, but instead of coming to bed, she sat before the fire and rocked back and forth, and sighed.

Flo was sure Mother even made the trip to the road alone that night. The pressure of her uneasiness was the most frightening thing Flo had ever endured. It was so big and real that even thoughts of the shoes were not comforting or of im-portance.

THE morning of the fourth day, Flo awakened to the desolate sound of the wind. Mother was at the window peering out into the semidarkness. She stood there a

long time before she let the curtain fall back into place.

All day the wind howled with growing fury. The windows rattled, the door shook, and it seemed that Mother bent and quivered like the trees outside—almost as if she were in pain.

And then toward evening the first snow began to fall. At its coming Mother shed her first tears, and with a cry that chilled Flo's heart she flung open the door and ran like a frightened creature down the path to the road.

When she came back, walking heavily, the weariness on her face was still there, but the fear was gone. Things still weren't just right, Flo decided, but it seemed Mother could and would take care of whatever was the trouble.

The prayer at mealtime was, "Please bless our Daddy and keep him safe from the storm and help us here at home."

Flo was familiar with those words, but somehow the way Mother said them this time gave them a bigger meaning as if there was a special need right now. Flo wished she could help, and could know what had to be done, but Mother rushed the eating — her movements quick and sure. It was as if she were racing with something or someone.

When the food was eaten, Mother said, "You are to sleep in the bedroom tonight. There are a few things that need to be done before I can blow out the lamp, and I don't want to keep you awake."

Flo was sorry to give up the warm kitchen and Mother's companionship, but Mother's voice was firm, and when she pulled the door closed it was somehow important that it stay that way. Mother did open it again, though, to give her a second goodnight kiss, a gentle caress, and a sweet, sweet smile.

Above the sharp wail of the wind, Flo could catch the soft sound of her Mother's movements. The kiss and the smile had quieted her fears and her last thought was that tomorrow would bring Daddy, and Daddy would have the new, wonderful shoes.

The wind was still blowing when Flo awakened next morning, and the one bedroom window was clogged with snow. Her breath had made frost along the quilt top, but inside, the bed was snug and warm.

Then a sharp, cutting thought tore across her mind, dark as night. What if Father had not made it safely to Williams'! What if he had been caught in the storm, was even now somewhere alone in the white, howling waste! A fear more deadly than any she had known pushed and hammered at her. She must get to Mother. Together they could pray again, and wherever Father was, God would save him and bring him safely home.

Flo flung open the kitchen door and stopped there stunned and speechless. There sat Father! Father rocking gently back and forth, with a small, white bundle held closely in his arms. Mother was asleep in the big bed, and on the table—on the table—was a pair of black, high-button shoes.

THE whole sight was so thoroughly unexpected—so wonderful after the smothering fright, that all Flo could do was cry. Great choking sobs, that awakened Mother,

nd Father's bundle began to make wittering little bird sounds, and was all so queer that Flo kept on rying until she reached Mother's rms and Father was bending over er. Then it was that she saw what 'ather was holding. It was a baby. . real, little, red-faced baby.

Her amazement dried up her ars like a blotter, and she just sat, peechless, with the most wonder- l feeling welling up all through er.

Father safe, Mother with happi- ess on her pale face, a baby, and, s, there were the shoes.

Oh, what joy! Was ever the orld so grand! Were ever Father nd Mother so dear or baby so weet!

"Here," Father said, "you hold him."

"You have a little brother," Mother said.

"Let me hold the shoes, too," said Flo.

It was like a miracle she thought, as she ate tiny, juicy nibbles of her first orange and wiggled her toes inside her new shoes. A miracle that Father was home. It seemed he had known the baby was coming. It hadn't been a surprise at all to him, and so he had driven straight through to Rexburg, changing teams at the Williams' ranch. The shopping had been hurriedly attended to, and he had started back after only a few hours rest. He had raced the storm home in time to be with Mother when the baby came.

Camphor Trees

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

Willows and maples and poplars, these three
Have hung their green color in April's air,
The wakened persimmon and cherry tree
Lend viridian with the leafing pear;
But there is no green in this new green spring
As green as these camphor leaves hung high,
Their luminous splendor caroling
A chartreuse song against the sky!

The Smallest One's Prayer

Maryhale Woolsey

She watched her sisters through their prayers at bedtime,
Waiting her turn with wide and wondering eyes;
Then joyously she knelt, head bowed, hands clasping,
And babbled in her own language, baby-wise.
We felt her loving innocence and sweetness,
And though we could not tell what plea we heard,
At her "Amen" we joined her confidently—
Knowing God would translate her every word.

Let's Garden With Half the Work

Dorthea N. Newbold

Garden Editor, *Deseret News-Salt Lake Telegram*

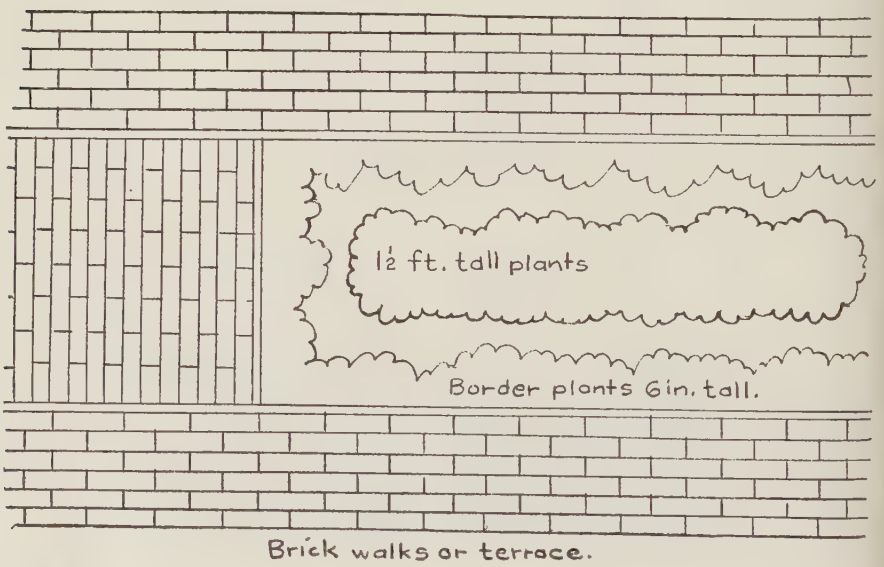
EVERYONE wants a garden. Ask the average person for a word picture of a garden, and he will tell you that he sees a velvety lawn surrounded by borders of shrubs, the whole enclosed with a wall, or a vine-covered fence. In front of the shrubs he visualizes a border of flowers, with good shade trees towering over the whole scene.

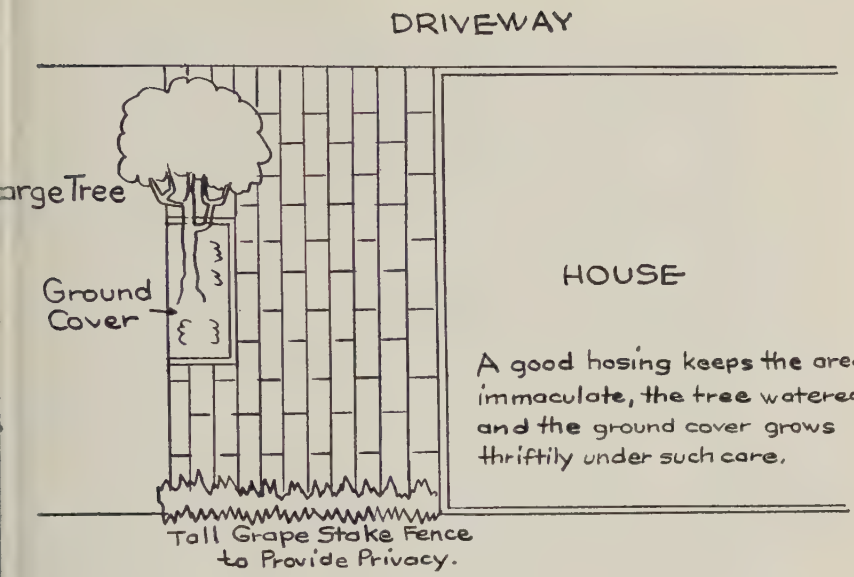
In this picture the average person always sees a garden in "apple-pie" order; no weeds, no pests, no diseases, no shaggy, seedy looking plants; borders always in full bloom! Utopia!

The homemaker has much to do with planning and planting the garden or outdoor living area. She plans it so that it will become the scene of the family's summer activities. Large groups can be entertained in a garden, or small groups can enjoy the area. With the increase in activities, the gardened area is sure to show wear and begin to look shabby. More work is required to maintain it, and perhaps there is neither the time nor the energy for the additional work. Let's cut down, then, by streamlining the plantings, and paving the area of lawn that shows the greatest wear. And you don't need to keep the borders full of flowers all summer in order to possess a good garden!

Shrubs, trees, and evergreens can be used effectively together without flowers, to provide interesting contrast of color and textures. Best of all, a minimum of care will keep such a garden looking top notch.

You will enjoy an all-green garden, providing that you will make




DRIVEWAY
arge Tree
Ground Cover
HOUSE
A good hosing keeps the area immaculate, the tree watered and the ground cover grows thriftily under such care.
Tall Grape Stake Fence to Provide Privacy.

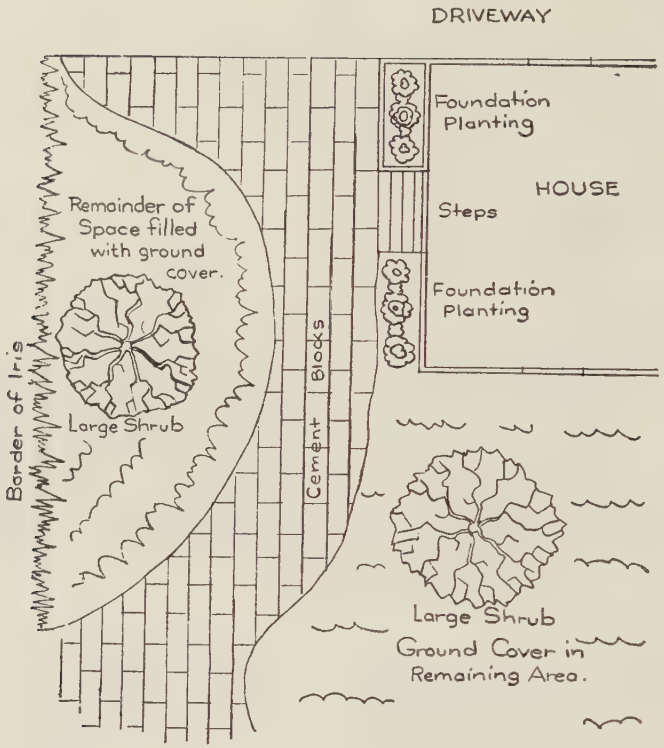
p your mind to accept it. You ay think that an all-green garden ill become tiresome and monotoous, but you will soon notice the ifference in the greens. You will ee that there are few plants that an be classed as being "leaf green." Rather, the greens will be a blueeen, or a yellow-green, or shade to gray-green.

Textural differences in the foliage f the plants can create a fascinating icture. There are many leaves that ave a fuzzy appearance, others are uffled, while still others are scalped. Some leaves are quite large, hick, and smooth. The contrast in ize of neighboring plants can be icturesque. For example, a planting of Dianthus, with its blade-like eaves, will provide a contrast for he coarser leaves of the taller lilacs r Viburnum.

THE very easiest kind of gardening is water gardening. A pool of clear water, reflecting the sky and clouds, is soothing and calming to frazzled nerves. It may be possible to have a tiny stream of water falling or spraying into the pool. The sound of falling water is always a great delight. A pool can be planted with water lilies to provide color throughout the summer months, and they require little work.

Of course, the construction work is necessary to begin with, but once the pool has been finished, all that is required to have an attractive spot is a yearly cleaning during the spring months. The pool is filled at that time and the lilies planted when the weather is settled. The design of the pool can be formal or informal, following the general design of the remainder of the garden.

Brick work has become very popular. Bricks may be new cement



ones, cinder blocks, or old weathered bricks. Stepping stones may be used in many ways to cut down the amount of maintenance work in the garden. They may be used for pathways or for paving a terrace. An occasional hosing off will insure an attractive, clean underfooting with no worries about worn spots in lawn areas. If weeds or tufts of grass insist on pushing up between bricks or blocks, it is a simple matter to spray the unwanted plants with one of the weed killers on the market. Usually one treatment is sufficient to kill them.

In the hotter sections of our country, some discomfort may be encountered if the paved areas are quite extensive. To offset this, use a strip of grass around the paved section. Shrubs and trees planted along the edges of the terrace will help cut the high temperatures. Or plan to use a reflection pool as a part of the terrace.

PORTABLE gardens can add color, if you decide that you must have some color in your garden. Set plants in containers that are sufficiently large to encourage good growth. Containers that are too small encourage the roots to travel out the drain hole. If large planter boxes are used, it is a good idea to put heavy coasters under them so that the boxes can be wheeled to a sheltered spot away from heavy winds and rains. Wood-

n buckets and tubs can be a deco-ntive part of the terrace.

A thorough daily watering is bout all the care that a portable rden needs, although a good prac-ce is to give a once-a-month feed-ng to the plants. Use a soluble lant fertilizer. Its use will assure u of good plant growth.

If, in the past, you have had wide rders of flowers around your gar-en, and now you find that you can-ot care for them properly any nger, gradually do away with the rders. Instead of those flowers, lant different kinds of ground cov-s. Plants that are classed as ound covers hug the ground, sel-m growing more than five inches ll. They are attractive throughout the growing season, some remaining green throughout the year.

A list of ground covers would include Vinca minor, ajuga, creeping Jenny, and wild strawberry for the semi-shady or sunny locations. For the very sunny spots, try using Sedums. Sedums are rugged plants, requiring little care, once they have been planted.

In the shady spots, under large trees or shrubs, on the north side of the buildings, try Pachysandra, any of the ivies, or use lily of the valley or sweet violets.

Once the plants are set out, about all that will be required is about two feedings a year, plus regular watering in arid sections of our country.

What Is Joy?

Jennie Brown Rawlins

"THESE things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full" (John 15:11).

To me this solemn and beautiful statement means that through God we have in our power to gain a fulness of joy both now and in the life to come.

This presents a second question: What is joy? The dictionary defines it as glad-ss, gaiety, or exhilaration of spirits. To me it has a more sober and lasting quality an this definition suggests. Joy, as the Savior spoke of it, is not momentary, un-ulterated bliss, but a complex thing, a thing of multi-variant hues, of undulating flections, yet deep and abiding. We say that we have joy in working in the Church, rearing our families, in going to school. Thus joy is comprised not only of mo-ents of rapture, when we have an awareness of peace in the glowing instant, but of r endeavors to overcome obstacles, our striving toward accomplishment, and yearn-gs toward the divine, as well as countless homely, yet heartwarming experiences that to make up living.

Joy is not freely given. It must be attained. It is the reward God gives us for ccepting our tribulations with grace, our triumphs with humility, our daily bread th thanksgiving, our responsibilities with willingness, the unkind acts of others with lerance, and the ever-burgeoning wonders about us with awareness and appreciation.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, April 1, and April 15, 1897

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY IN PAROWAN (UTAH): The fifty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society was royally celebrated March 17th at Parowan. A most excellent program of addresses, recitations, songs and music was well rendered, the brethren feeling honored in being invited to contribute to the day's enjoyment. Sister Lenora Orton gave the historical address . . . which was replete with information. Among the aged sisters who spoke were Sister Nancy Decker and Aunt Paulina Lyman, who were at Nauvoo at the time the Prophet Joseph established the Society . . . .

—E. Crane Watson, Secretary

LAKE TAHOE (CALIFORNIA): It was just sundown when the stage coach turned a bend in the road and we came to the very edge of the lake, ensconced amid the mountains at an altitude of 6,225 feet above sea level on the borders of Nevada and California in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, its length 22½ miles, greatest width 13 miles, its depth 1,506 feet, its waters not blue but wonderfully clear, looking like a sheet of glass, surrounded like a wall by the mountains while the beautiful pines peeped up through the snow. . . .

—Kim

LIVING PICTURES OF THE HOLY LAND: Madame von Finklestien Mountford has been given her unique entertainment, Living Pictures of the Holy Land under the auspices of the Brigham Academy in several of the larger towns in the State. . . . Madame Mountford will give one of her series of lectures in the large Tabernacle in this city on Tuesday evening, April 16th.

—Editorial Note

FAREWELL TO SISTER McCUNE ON HER DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE

Think of those who love thee,
And miss thee every day,
Let this sweet assurance
Bring peace and joy alway. . . .
Fear not man for he is mortal,
In the holy cause be strong;
Trust in God in silent asking,
He will move the proud among. . . .

—Lydia D. Alder

WOMAN LAWYER: Mrs. Helen M. Gougar was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of Indiana on Feb. 19. She at once made the oral argument in her test case, wherein she claims that the present law, properly interpreted, is sufficient to permit women to vote. All the judges came down from the bench and congratulated Mrs. Gougar on the ability of her argument.

—Selected

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

DR. SITI J. R. NOOR-ZAIN, of Jakarta, Indonesia, represented her country at the International Federation of University Women in Paris, France, and later visited America. A dentist by training, educated in Holland and her native land, at thirty-two she is mother of three children, editor of two magazines, a government official, and an educator. She has helped to reduce literacy in Indonesia from ninety-seven to forty-seven per cent. Woman's position has greatly improved, although a man can still divorce his wife by merely announcing the fact, and he is not required to support his children, and property rights are not granted to women. Fifty per cent of the women now exercise their right to vote.

DORA PATE STEWART has added to her many successful books *A Letter to My Daughter*, a sequel to *A Letter to My Son*. This a volume of sound advice to girls on the best and happiest way to live life, how to prepare for marriage, and what to expect of marriage. Written from the Latter-day Saint point of view, it contains inspirational passages, down-to-earth common sense, and flashes of humor. Mrs. Stewart, mother of seven children, is a popular lecturer as well as an author.

ROSE HEILBRON, forty-two, attractive and feminine-looking in her judge's white, long, wavy, wig, is the first woman to become an English judge. Wife of a surgeon and mother of an eight-year-old daughter, she is regarded as one of the best legal minds in the country. Even so, she had to overcome considerable prejudice to reach her present position.

BELIEVED to be the nation's oldest married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Petersen, Latter-day Saints of Fairview, Utah, have celebrated their seventy-eighth wedding anniversary. They received a special delivery letter from President Dwight D. Eisenhower. Mr. Peterson is ninety-six; his wife, ninety-five.

MRS. PAT McCORMACK, twenty-six, of Lakewood, California, is the first person ever to win two gold medals for diving in two successive Olympiads. She did a two-and-a-half somersault and a one-and-a-half somersault with full twist at the Olympic Games in Melbourne, Australia, last December. Australia's Lorraine Crapp won the women's 400-meter free-style swimming event in a new time record of 4:54.6. Sylvia Ruuska, only fourteen, of Berkeley, California, came in third in the latter event.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 44 APRIL 1957 NO. 4

Blessings Attendant Upon an Office

EVERY calling in the Church carries a particular authority and blessing.

"When will I be set apart?" is a question often asked by those who have been asked to accept a call in Relief Society and feel their own weakness in it. They have the faith that after they have been set apart, if they strive to do the Lord's will, he will endow them with necessary attributes to fulfill the calling pleasingly in his sight and to the satisfaction of themselves.

After one is set apart by one in authority, inspiration, if sought, will attend the particular office. One is given the assurance that the Lord will help one to fulfill her calling, for each office carries its own enlightenment.

The Lord never withdraws his inspiration from a handmaiden who has been called and set apart so long as she seeks to do his will and magnify her office. The Lord recognizes those whom he has chosen to be in authority. When a presidency meets, all confer together, but the final inspiration is looked for from the president. When a counselor meets with sisters whom she has been called to direct, the final decision is looked for from the counselor. So it is in all situations. The Lord's house is a house of order, and to fulfill a calling one must be obedient to those placed over one, and, in turn, be ready to direct in humility those over whom one has been placed.

The inspiration of a calling is a wonderful manifestation of the Lord's will. Time and again one sees it demonstrated. While a sister remains in a certain position, the authority and inspiration of her calling continue to rest upon her to give her strength and wisdom beyond her own ability, but with the passing of the office, there passes also the particular mantle of that office to her successor.

This bestowal of the mantle of an office was witnessed visually by Latter-day Saints in Nauvoo who saw the mantle of the Prophet Joseph Smith made manifest upon President Brigham Young. Perhaps the actuality of the occasion was needed to teach the membership of the Church—those who witnessed it and those who accept it from the testimony of those who were present — of the actuality of it. But, while such an outward manifestation is not commonly vouchsafed, still one is continually amazed to see how, after being set apart to a particular office, through humility and prayer, the mantle of that office becomes evidenced through the wisdom and the growth of the individual in her office.

The Lord has said that he will take the weak things of the earth

o confound the wise. Whatever illing comes to one, if the indi- dual accepts the opportunity in ite of her own feelings of un- orthiness, is set apart by those in thority, and lives to magnify her wn office without aspiring to the ffice of another, she will grow in ghteousness and knowledge per- nally, and, through humble serv- e, she will do her part in forward- g the work of the Lord. The more votion she lends to her office, ithout neglecting her responsibili- es as wife and mother, the more e will be the recipient of the omises made to her at the time e is set apart.

It is a great blessing that the aughters of the Heavenly Father have been given an organization of their own in which they are set apart to preside under the Priesthood, as well as to be officers and teachers. Through the endowment of the setting apart, great blessings of discernment, enlightenment, growth, and development come to the daughters of Zion, as they come to no other women. Those who are set apart testify to the truth and actuality of the words of Nephi: ". . . the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them" (I Nephi 3:7).

—M. C. S.

In Memoriam—Nettie Maria Davis Bradford

March 17, 1873—February 11, 1957

NETTIE Maria Davis Bradford, former member of the general board of Relief Society, died at her home in Salt Lake City, February 11th, 957, a little less than a month before her eighty-fourth birthday.

Beginning in young womanhood, she served in all the auxiliary organ- ations of the Church officered by women, and in later life was an dinance worker in the Salt Lake Temple. She was president of the Salt ake Stake Relief Society for eight years.

She was appointed a member of the general board of Relief Society March 25, 1925, and served with great ability and untiring devotion. Her incipal duties included chairmanship of the clothing and household pplies committee, membership at various times on the conference com- ittee, work and business, theology, and nursing committees, and many her responsibilities. She was greatly loved by her associates on the oard and gave much inspirational direction in her official visits to the ards and stakes. She was released from the board in 1939.

Her husband, Robert H. Bradford, Professor and Head of the Depart- ent of Metallurgy at the University of Utah, died in 1931. Their three ns and a daughter have followed the outstanding example of their par- nts in rendering community and Church service. Sister Bradford's many iends will long remember her as a woman who used all the days of her ng life in loving service.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Hymn of the Month

THE Church-wide congregational hymn singing project, inaugurated by the Church Music Committee, will be continued during the coming year, and all auxiliary organizations have been invited to participate. The purpose of this project is to increase the hymn repertoire of the Church members and to place emphasis on the message of the hymns. Stake choristers and organists are requested to give assistance at union meetings to ward choristers and organists in carrying out this project.

An analysis and story of the hymn will be printed each month in the Church Section of the *Deseret News*.

Following is a list of hymns approved for the twelve months July 1957 to June 1958:

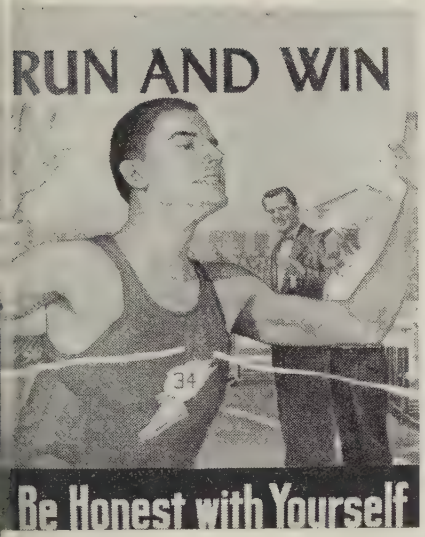
Month	Hymn	Composer	No.
1957			
July	We Love Thy House, O God	Bullock-Robertson	203
August	O My Father	Snow-Mason	138
September	This House We Dedicate to Thee	Naisbitt-Asper	176
October	God of Power, God of Right	Bennett-Cannon	36
November	Come, Ye Thankful People	Alford-Elvey	29
December	I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day	Longfellow-Calkin	219
1958			
January	In Memory of the Crucified	Kooyman-Schreiner	99
February	A Mighty Fortress Is Our God	Luther-Luther	3
March	Christ the Lord Is Risen	Wesley-Carey	10
April	Father In Heaven	Hibbard-Flemming	34
May	The Lord My Pasture Will Prepare	Addison-Bortniansky	113
June	Come, O Thou King of Kings	P. P. Pratt	20

Legacy

Leslie Savage Clark

No legacy of land was his,
No vast estate, nor gold;
Nor this, some famous ancestor
Of whom proud tales were told.
And, yet, some sire bequeathed him gifts
Beyond all counterpart—
The seeing eye, the hearing ear,
The understanding heart.

Winning Our Goal



JOY of achievement is mirrored on the face of the young man in the poster who has just won the footrace. He is experiencing the realization of earnest effort, training, clean living, and of learning to accept and obey orders. He has reached his goal because he was willing to follow the rules which led to it.

Latter-day Saints who would travel life's course so as to win their coveted goal must follow a like course. They hold their bodily desires in subjection to their spiritual strength and they never become discouraged to the point that they are overcome by the trials and temptations of the world.

A child once asked her mother, "Why does Sister Toone always pray that she will endure to the end? She is very old and good. Why does she always say that when she bears her testimony?"

The child was too young to realize that no mortal age places one beyond the reach of temptation, but each age presents different testings and trials. The wisdom and experience of years, however, should expand our souls so that our love is not stopped at the family circle and beloved friends, but flows over to embrace our neighbors. We must offer friendship to the lonely, give service to the sick and needy, tender encouragement to the discouraged, and a deep assurance of faith to the doubting.

To win in life's course requires the development in the soul of charity, the pure love of Christ which guides us along the straight and narrow path to the shining, glorious goal of eternal life.

To win the race of life we must keep in training just like the athlete, but the course is longer, the trials more difficult, and the temptation to falter greater. In life " . . . the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong" (Eccles. 9:11), but to him that endures to the end.

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

Recipes From the Northern Far East Mission

Submitted by Frances P. Andrus

Sushi

Sushi Meshi (Rice Mixture):

- 4 c. cooked rice
- ¼ c. vinegar
- ¼ c. cane sugar
- 2 tsp. Ajinomoto (Accent)
- ½ c. dry shrimp
- salt to taste

Shrimp should be soaked in vinegar, sugar, and salt overnight. Cover the dish. Drain shrimp and save liquid. Use this vinegar liquid to pour over cooled rice and toss lightly so rice will not be gummy. This rice mixture, when placed in aburage (bean cake) cones, is delicious for in-between snacks, for picnics, and buffet parties.

For Cones: 12 aburage, cut in two

Filling:

- 2 medium-sized carrots, chopped
- 10 string beans, chopped
- salt to taste
- few dry shrimps
- 1 tbsp. cane sugar
- 1¾ c. water
- ¼ tsp. Ajinomoto (Accent)
- small shavings from 12 aburage (fried pressed bean cakes) when cut into two for cones

Chop carrots and beans in long, fine strips, add 1 c. water and boil for five minutes. Boil shavings of aburage for ten minutes in ¾ c. water. Add sugar and salt. Cook a little longer. Drain and cool. Bring chopped shrimp to a boil and in the water drained from aburage shavings cook slowly several minutes. Add seasoning and aburage shavings. Drain and mix vegetables with rice, and scoop into the cones made from 12 aburage cut in two, making 24 filled cones.

Cucumber Sumiso

2 medium-sized cucumbers

Peel the cucumbers, remove seeds, and cut in halves lengthwise.

Sumiso Sauce

- 3 tbsp. miso (soy bean paste) (optional)
- ¼ tsp. Ajinomoto (Accent)
- 3 tbsp. vinegar
- 1 tbsp. clam juice
- 2 tbsp. cane sugar
- 2 tbsp. sesame seeds or
- 2 tbsp. roasted peanuts ground
- 2 tbsp. green onion chopped
- 1 can hokkigai (boiled clams) sliced

For making the sumiso, combine miso (if desired), Ajinomoto, vinegar, and clam juice. Add the chopped green onion, sliced clams, and ground peanuts or sesame seeds. Chill. Just before serving, add the chilled sumiso (sauce) to the cucumbers.

Meat or Fowl With Eggplant

Cut up pork, beef, or fowl, or use hamburger, and cook with little water and soy sauce. Cut up eggplant with the skin on and cook with the meat until tender. Add a little sugar if desired.

Sukiyaki

- 2 lbs. tenderloin beef or chicken
- 1½ c. shoyu (soy sauce)
- fat or oil for frying
- ½ c. sugar or sweeten to taste
- 2 bunches green onions
- 1 can Japanese bamboo shoots
- 1 c. mushrooms

Slice beef thin or cut chicken into small pieces. Slice bamboo shoots and mush-oms. Cut green onions into one-inch pieces. This includes the tops. Heat the pan id put in some beef or chicken fat. When melted, put in enough meat to fill half the pan. Stir with fork or chopstick to keep from sticking. Put in sugar and x tbsp. shoyu and mix well with meat. When it begins to boil, put it on one side the pan and add mushrooms, bamboo shoots, and onions. Since the vegetables equire very little cooking, do not put in too much at a time. Cook for ten minutes. ore meat, vegetables, sugar, and shoyu should be added from time to time. Do not low the sukiyaki to burn. If it begins to dry out, add a little water and additional gar and shoyu.

Sukiyaki is correctly spelled "tsukiyaki." It may be served with rice, a green lad, and a pickled vegetable.

Nishime

c. dried fish (iriko) or pork cut fine
gobo (burdock root)
carrot, diced
bunch young taro or dasheen (long white radishes), diced
2 c. water
1 tsp. vinegar
3 tbsp. cane sugar
2 tsp. salt
½ c. shoyu (soy sauce)
1 tofu (soy bean curd cake)

Soak diced gobo in 2 c. water and 1 tsp. vinegar for about ½ hour. Drain the bo. Dice carrot and dasheen or taro which have been peeled. Cut tofu into four ces and fry in deep oil and, after frying, dice also. Put diced fish (iriko) or meat pot and add vegetables in order listed, add seasonings and enough water to cover e mixture.

There is a name for stew in every language. In Japanese it is *Nishime*.

Teriyaki Hamburgers

riyaki Sauce:
clove garlic, crushed
c. shoyu (soy sauce)
mburgers:
lb. ground beef
egg
c. dry bread crumbs
¼ c. onion
1 tsp. ginger, grated
3 tbsp. cane sugar
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
2 tbsp. Teriyaki sauce
pinch of Ajinomoto (Accent)

Combine all ingredients for sauce. Combine ingredients for the hamburgers and eat around wooden skewers. Soak patties in sauce for one hour. Place on a cold oiler grill, heat grill, and broil for about five minutes on each side.

Shrimp Tempura

(Shrimps Fried in a Batter)

1 lb. fresh shrimps (18-20)

Wash and shell shrimps leaving the tails. Split shrimps down the center of the ck and open flat. Remove black intestinal vein. Place shrimps, cut side down, board and score to prevent curling.

tter:
c. flour
c. cornstarch
tsp. salt
¼ tsp. Ajinomoto (Accent)
1 egg
½ c. water
cooking oil or fat

Sift dry ingredients together. Beat egg and add water. Add to dry ingredients and mix well. For thin batter, remove ½ c. of the batter and add 2 tbsp. water. The remaining portion is the thick dipping batter for the shrimps. Heat oil or fat in frying pan to 375° F. Dip fingers in the thin batter and sprinkle over fat. Repeat several times. Then dip shrimp in thick dipping batter and fry until golden brown. Drain on paper towel and serve immediately with tempura sauce.

Tempura Sauce

2 c. water
½ c. bonito flakes (dried fish flakes)
2 tbsp. shoyu (soy sauce)
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. sugar
⅛ tsp. Ajinimoto (Accent)
½ c. grated turnip
1 tbsp. chopped green onion

Boil bonito in water three minutes. Strain. Add seasonings (except turnips and green onion) and bring to boil. Cool. Before serving, add turnip and green onion.

Fight Cancer With Research, Education, and Service

Walter J. Kohler
National Campaign Chairman
American Cancer Society

THE American Cancer Society is sending forth its annual call for contributions to fight, on an ever-broadening front, the scourge of cancer which takes so many lives. April, proclaimed by the President as Cancer Control Month, sees the launching of the Society's Crusade to raise $30,000,000. Ever since 1945 the American Cancer Society has appealed to the American people for the necessary funds to carry on its program of research, education, and service. Its accomplishments are ever more heartening, but much remains to be done. . . .

The American Cancer Society is doing its share in educating the public and the medical profession and in giving service where needed to cancer patients. It has underway a country-wide program of research which supports more than 1,000 top-flight scientists in more than 100 hospitals, universities, and laboratories, scientists who are seeking a final cure or preventive for this dread disease.

The response to the April Crusade of the American Cancer Society will determine the extent and impact of the Society's educational drive, its service in the community which brings aid and comfort, and its research program which scientists now believe will bring the ultimate victory in our lifetime.

Help to hold up the Sword of Hope which is the Society's symbol! Give generously!

ef Muench

ATHABASKA RIVER AND MOUNT CHRISTIE, CANADA

An Easter Thought

Della Adams Leitner

Christ did not need the stone released;
It did not bar his way.
It was removed that those who came
Might see he did not stay.

The opened tomb, the grave clothes there,
The angels with their word
Gave to the bowed, grief-stricken ones
Proof of their risen Lord.

Material barriers are as nought
To him, but still he needs
An opened way to human hearts
And lovingly he pleads

That stones of doubt be cast aside
So he may enter and abide.

The Value of Poetry

Elaine C. Southwick

POETRY is an indigenous expression of all peoples at all stages of life, and is, perhaps, the most ancient and persistent of the arts.

Man, in a primitive state, expressed himself in rhythmical chanting in order to command attention because he wanted his friends to know and remember the things he saw and did and felt. The desire to make another respond to beauty, bravery, sorrow, or any emotional impression led man to intensify the relating of his experiences with repetition and metrical chanting. The famous chants were treasured verbally and considered sacred. They are our heritage of primitive poetry, translating for us the basic emotions and activities of a long-buried life.

Poetry for the Integration of Life

Poetry became an essential part of the healthy integration and menticulture of life. Nationalities have their epic poems depicting the struggle to emerge from scattered oblivion into a module of importance. Poems have also played an eminent part in the lives of individuals making history. Biographers point out that as Alexander the Great strove to conquer the world, he carried Homer's *Iliad* about with him in a gold casket; that the great British general, James Wolfe, told his council, on the eve of victory, that he would rather have written Gray's *Elegy* than capture Quebec. Field Marshall Viscount Wavell said of Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*: "It has a special place in my life as a charm in danger or trouble . . . . I have used the magic of its imagery in many times of stress to distract my mind from peril or disaster."

Poetry has been many things to many people, but from the chanting figure in the thermal glow of the campfire undulating to the rhythm of:

> The corn grows by the red rock—
> Beautifully it grows . . . .

to these lyrical lines of a later day:

> Beautiful for spacious skies,
> For amber waves of grain . . . .

the poet's intent has been identical. He has tried to tell something in pictures—symbols that would stir the imagination and leave a "magic pattern on the mind." A modern critic says, "At its highest moments, poetry is identified with the central meaning of all religion and sees one principle behind all creation . . . ."

But for no two people will poetry mean quite the same thing, because each must interpret it according to his own experiences and tastes. "According to our ages," says Ralph Henry, "we will dust it with nostalgic memory or the joys of discovery."

Poetry for Children

Of what value is poetry to a child?

Poetry is the reflection of childhood. It jumps and skips, soars

d flies, laughs and grieves, discov-
s and treasures. It can move as
avily as an armored truck, or sway
deeply as wind-pushed trees; it
n creep like gooseflesh, or trip as
htfootedly as sparrows. It is the
iousness, the impulsiveness, the
eting desire, and the intense
igedy of childhood.

Every child loves, responds to,
d remembers some poetry taught
him because it helps to interpret
him his own experiences and
eals to him the hidden beauty of
world. Even when one leaves
e fields of childhood, the response
once impressionable verse remains
ntaneous and recapturable. Feel
ur arm circle involuntary to:

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.

experience again the delightful
iver that accompanies:

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark.
The beggars are coming to town . . . .

Envision once more the field of
ver wherein browses:

e gentle cow all red and white
ove with all my heart.
e gives me cream with all her might
eat on apple tart.

Become newly conscious of the
justice of ingratitude by:

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou are not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

Do you not still remember the
riously magical effect of:

e splendor falls on castle walls
d snowy summits old in story.
e long light shakes across the lakes,
d the wild cataract leaps in glory . . . .

By becoming acquainted with poetry in childhood, one becomes more perceptive to the beauty around him, and sees the world as different and more enchanting. It highlights the loveliness of a common day from the moment when the cock is crowing and morning's at seven to the hour when the tender grace of a day is dead, for the child knows:

The night will never stay;
The night will still go by,
Though with a million stars
You pin it to the sky.

Poetry creates in a child a sensitiveness to nuances in words, thereby increasing his vocabulary.

The reading of great poetry to children offers excursions into the best of life.

Poetry for the Middle Years

What can poetry lay against the roots of those in "harsh middle life"? No age can escape from poetry, and men and women intent upon the exigencies of everyday living need its quick power to intensify little moments of beauty or remembrance, to make life more vivid and colorful, and to dramatize an event or explode an emotion. But, apart from the fact that the reading and enjoyment of poetry highlight cherished moments in the drab routine of life, it lures one's mind from the commonplace and points it to life and beauty.

Every time a poem is read with understanding, the reader becomes the poet and identifies himself with a like experience. Those who have the capacity to get a great deal out of poetry usually are the ones who get a great deal out of life.

We are not, in many communities, utilizing the persuasive power of poetry as we might. For example, in one small town with one public library, of the forty-two poetry anthologies and collections in the Public Library, only six have been taken out the past year.

Poetry not only stirs one spiritually, but it moves one to action. Experience the ethical pull of the following lines:

Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth would teach . . . .
Horatius Bonar

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
—Scott

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past . . . .
—Holmes

Thoughts like the foregoing help souls to wonder at beauty, hold reverence for life, and surge with tolerance for mankind.

If poetry, then, is so important, why isn't it read more avidly by a greater majority of people? Is it because the memorizing of it is tedious as learned in our schools? It has been suggested that many of us learned too late what might have brought us nearer to the joy of poetry if we had learned it sooner, that "this ability to analyze and dissect material structures according to the rules of teachers and critics is of small importance in comparison with the ability to feel a beautiful rhythm and enjoy a fine poem." It is the day-by-day pleasant experience with poetry that should be our first objective. The memorizing of the lines and thought will come as second nature, if people expose themselves to poetry in the right way.

Poetry and Old Age

As we advance toward mellow old age, our experience with recognized poetry is very rewarding. We reinterpret it in the light of accumulated years of experience and wisdom. If our repertoire of good poetry is small, our enjoyment will be limited by its narrowness; if our exposure to its charm has been great, our enjoyment will be intensified and increased. As I read to a class in Relief Society from the great English poets, I see a memory struggle and stir behind the eyes of a listener, and when a familiar voice sings out from the pages, the face lights up like chrome after glass wax, and the head nods approval, while the lips silently rehearse a remembered phrase.

It is true that not everyone has inherited a love of poetry anymore than everyone has acquired at birth an oval face or curly hair or desirable characteristics of temperament, but even as these qualities can be improved, so can we diminish the deficiency of an insensitive ear. More constant association with the cadence of poetry read by oneself or someone else, will condition the ear to hear and translate beauty to the mind and soul. Poetry was meant to be a declamatory art, and most of us will find a common ground of enjoyment in vocalized poetry. It has been said that nobody has ever really read a poem until he has read it with his own voice for the pleasure of his own ears.

he *Lasting Value of Poetry*

Once one succumbs to the charm poetry, it offers the reader valu-le vicarious experiences. Know at through its power one can walk the moccasins of the Indian or rade in the sandaled feet of a ueen; explore the outposts of civil-ation or crouch in the chimney rner; revel with the rich or pauper-with the poor. It comes with an addin's lamp to transport one yplace, anytime, into old situa-ons made new with more vivid lors and wider dimensions. Poetry lps one to see through, as well as th his eyes, even as did William ake who, when asked as the sun se, if he did not see it as a round k of fire somewhat like a guinea, swered, "Oh, no, no, I see an in-merable company of heavenly hosts crying, 'Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty.' "

This power to translate life into beauty, truths, sincerity, and nobleness is the heritage of every one of God's children. It has been said that the greatest power we know is the power of speech, "but they speak to small purpose nowadays if they never use the bravest and most beautiful human speech, which is poetry."

Poetry is both the earliest expression of primitive people, and the highest expression of civilization. Its greatest value is still to reveal miracles of creation and to "spread the contagion of beauty" that we, too, might (as Blake):

. . . see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

Meeting Place

Catherine E. Berry

I have come back to our meeting place,
(How long ago it seems!)
To see if I can find a trace
Of those first lovely dreams.
But time has wrought its changes here
The same as in your heart,
The love we found that yesteryear
Has left no tell-tale part;
Only in the wind that blows
With hint of twilight rain,
Whispers a memory that knows
This was a magic lane!

Going Modern

Frances C. Yost

NELL Gordon looked up from the new wall-to-wall carpet, and rested her eyes on the soft tones of the rose drawn drapes. Then her eyes passed appreciatively over the new three-piece sectional, which filled the big corner opposite the new blonde television set. Her eyes were pools of complete satisfaction until they turned to the old upright piano standing tall and ungainly against the wall.

"Tom, that old piano has to go," Nell said determinedly.

"Go!" If Nell had said to go set fire to the new barn, Tom would not have been more dumbfounded. "The piano has to go where?"

"Out." Nell said emphatically. "It's obsolete. It ruins the modern effect in the whole living room. Why, look at the scroll on the front of it! They've made pianos plain finished for at least twenty-five years." Nell showed her distaste as she frowned at the old piano.

"But we've had the piano for forty years. In its day, our piano was the finest thing in woodcarving." Tom spoke defensively, as he would of a friend or relative who was being chastised.

"In its day!" Nell spoke up. "That's exactly what I mean. Upright pianos were the thing in Wilson's day, and need I point out it is now the year 1957? Why, we're not driving around in a surrey just because it was the thing to do when we were married. Everything's low slung these days, cars, furniture, and pianos. This high upright spoils the effect of the lowness and beauty of the whole living room. The whole house, I might add."

"What do you plan to do, Nell, give it to one of the married children?"

Nell groaned. "They wouldn't appreciate a big antique in their modern apartments. We'll take it to Salt Lake City and trade it in on a new spinet," Nell explained matter-of-factly. "Of course, we can't expect to get much out of this old piano, but it might take the sting off the price of a new one."

"A new piano?" Tom looked puzzled. "You've said a number of times, Nell, that our old upright has better tone than some of these new blonde beauties."

"True, I have said that about the tone, but I'm not playing the piano as much since we have television, and the children aren't around to practice. It isn't the tone of the piano I'm objecting to, it's the contrast with this modern furniture," Nell went on to say. "I've thought the thing through completely, Tom, before I ever mentioned the subject to you. The only thing to do is get rid of the old piano."

"Mother, I don't mind your fixing up the house. I sort of like the new wall-to-wall carpeting, feels comfy on my bare toes. And this three-piece sectional, it's pretty and comfortable to lie on. And the drapes, I like them the way they can be closed when the lights are bright. But the piano! We started out our married life with this piano.

like trading in our firstborn for
nodern 1957 baby. I remember
day we bought the piano at the
tion sale as if it were yesterday."

* * * *

ELL and Tom had been married
in the Logan Temple, and the
next day, quite by coincidence,
furniture in the old Madsen
se was being sold at auction.
n had saved one hundred dollars
uy furniture. If they were care-
they could buy the essential
gs to start housekeeping. Nell
Tom had come early to spot
furniture they wanted so they
ld bid on it. They had decided
the kitchen range, the kitchen
le and chairs, and, if they could
ad the money far enough, the
ire set of bedroom furniture.

"Tom, we don't need furniture
the whole house to start with.
e can close up all the rooms but
kitchen and bedroom," Nell
said thriftily, as she pushed a
p of wavy blonde hair from her
w.

To Tom, his eighteen-year-old
le was enchanting and beautiful.
ee, Nell, that's mighty nice of
, to be so thrifty and thought-
Of course, we'll get a piano for
as soon as we can. Let's just
k over and look at this one."

Nell was just sort of tinkling the
s when the auctioneer stood on
overturned box and started shout-
above the din, "How much am
id for this beautiful fancy piano?"

Nell, a little embarrassed at being
the spotlight, stepped quickly
k from the piano.

"What am I bid for the fancy
no?" the auctioneer repeated.

Nell looked about; no one seemed
even vaguely interested in the piano. She never remembered being at an auction sale before, but she had heard that sometimes things went real cheap when people didn't run the bid up. Why, if a person could buy a piano for, say fifty dollars, that would still leave something for necessary furniture.

"What am I bid for the fancy piano?" the auctioneer shouted a little louder.

"Forty-nine dollars," Nell spoke timidly.

"The lady opens the bid on this fine piano at the too-low price of forty-nine dollars," the auctioneer almost snickered. A laugh swept through the crowd. "Who will offer seventy-five dollars?"

"Seventy-five dollars!" A man shouted from the rear of the crowd.

Nell looked about to see who was bidding. She remembered seeing the man talking to the auctioneer before the auction started. Had he been planted there to bid?

"The gentleman bids seventy-five dollars! Who will offer one hundred for this fine piano?"

"Seventy-six dollars," Nell said timidly.

"The lady offers a mere pittance. Only seventy-six dollars, the lady offers."

A second laugh swept the crowd, which was followed by a bid of eighty-five dollars from the man in the rear.

"The gentleman offers eighty-five dollars. Who will raise it to one hundred?" the auctioneer was begging.

Nell stole a side glance at the black kitchen range. A person could build a table, and boxes could

be covered for chairs. Boxes could be used to hold the bed springs, and she could drape the bed real pretty with a skirt. But a person had to have a stove to cook on and to keep warm. Perhaps the old cook stove might sell for as low as ten or eleven dollars. Nell's eyes wandered again to the piano. A piano was the heart of a home. This piano had a better tone than the one her folks had paid several hundred dollars for. She would make all kinds of sacrifices if she could get this piano. She could even endure the insinuations from the auctioneer and the laughing people.

"Who will offer one hundred dollars for this fine piano?" the auctioneer repeated.

"Eighty-nine dollars," Nell said.

"The lady did not hear me. The lady offers only eighty-nine dollars," the auctioneer said. "Who will top the lady's bid?"

"Ninety dollars!" the man in the rear shouted.

Nell Gordon, by now, did not care if the whole crowd laughed their heads off. She only cared about making this fine piano hers. She turned around and glared at the bidder in the rear.

"I am offered ninety dollars! Who will offer one hundred?" the auctioneer shouted.

"Ninety-one dollars and no more," Nell spoke determinedly. Then she turned and glared at her opponent.

"Going once! Ninety-one twice! Sold to the lady with the wavy blonde hair for ninety-one dollars!"

Suddenly Nell Gordon realized their predicament. She and Tom had come to the auction to buy necessary furniture, stove, table, cupboard, bed, and she had spent almost all of Tom's money on a piano. It would take the remainder of his hundred dollars to get someone to haul the piano home. She turned to Tom expecting him to chide her. Of course, he could say, "All our money gone for a piano, what do you plan to sleep on and to cook on?" But Tom didn't say those things.

"Nell, let's get out of here. We'll need to hire a wagon to haul our piano home." Tom took her arm and escorted her through the crowd as if she were a queen.

Now Nell remembered the old stove Tom's aunt had loaned them. The oven door was gone, and Tom had fashioned one out of tin. It did not have a catch but was held shut with a stick propped against it. Tom had built most of their furniture. But, even from the start, their friends had liked to gather at their house to dance or sing because they had the luxury of a piano. Then when the children came along, one by one, until they numbered an even dozen, Nell had taught each one to play the piano. What warm and wonderful memories she had of the family gathered around the piano singing!

* * * *

NELL wiped a tear with her apron, as if to erase that memory. Then she said: "Yes, Tom, we'll go to Salt Lake City tomorrow and make the trade."

Tom Gordon had learned through the years not to argue with a lady.

"We can run into Salt Lake City tomorrow if you wish and look at new pianos," Tom said, affably.

"We'll go in the pick-up and take

old piano with us." Nell decided. The thing weighs close to a ," Keith, their son, stated, as he his brother, Emery, helped Tom l the piano into the back of the -up, and waved their parents on ir way.

s the two rattled along in the -up, Nell glanced sideways at n. He was a tall, lean man, and is brown tweed jacket and flan- slacks, he had the appearance a college man. Today Nell ld not study his eyes or read his ughts.

Look back, Nell, and make sure piano's okay," Tom would say asionally. "We don't want any- ng to happen to the piano."

We'd probably do as well if we ed it in the Bear River, and just ght a new blonde spinet out- t," Nell laughed.

All I can say for you, is, you ly have gone modern all of a den." Tom spoke defensively, l then silence enveloped them.

As they rounded the point of the untain, their eyes picked out the ple which had been forty years the making, then Tom broke the nce.

"Nell, we're nearly there, and got to see a fellow about some chinery. If you'd like to do some your shopping, I could come for in about a half hour."

"That's fine. I did want to get ne material to line a quilt for next Relief Society work meet- . I'll meet you here by the gham Young Monument corner a half hour," Nell said, as she hted from the truck.

She admitted to herself, it was a le embarrassing coming to town in a truck, especially with a big old piano tied up in patchwork quilts in the back. Who would people think they were?

Promptness was one of Tom's virtues, and in half an hour he drove up in the pick-up and Nell climbed in before the light turned green.

"We might as well start at this piano store, and see what they have in the line of new low blondes," Tom said almost mischievously.

AS they entered the store, Nell found herself in the center of a dozen or more new pianos. Each of them was different, yet pleasingly low and beautiful. Nell fancied each of them, in turn, in her lovely redecorated living room. Yes, she thought, any one would look lovely. After forty years, she and Tom had come to the financial position where they could pay cash for most anything they desired. All she had to do was make her selection and any one of the beautiful new pianos could be hers, and by night, they would have it in their living room with the other modern things. But they might as well find out first, what the dealer would offer them as a trade-in.

"Would you look at our old piano, before we decide on a new one?" Nell asked.

"I'd be glad to make you an offer," the dealer said.

The three walked to the curb where the truck stood, and the dealer jumped up on the back of the truck, and removing the two quilts Tom and the boys had carefully covered over the piano, he sat down and started playing.

"How much do you offer?" Nell

asked, but the dealer seemed engrossed in Schubert's "Moonlight Sonata." It was as if he had forgotten his business entirely as he shifted to "Largo," and followed that with several Strauss waltzes.

Nell nodded at Tom to ask him to hurry the dealer. It was a long way home, and they should start right away, if they were to get the new piano unloaded before dark. But Tom, like the dealer, seemed to be deep in the heart of the music and did not seem to hear Nell's urgent whispers.

Nell turned slightly and noticed that a crowd had gathered to listen to the music on the piano. She bit her lip and murmured, "I bought this old upright forty years ago at an auction sale, looks like it's up to me to dispose of it." She walked over close to the dealer and shouted up at him, "How much will you give us on a new piano?"

The dealer stopped short, leaving the "Blue Danube" in mid-air.

"Mrs. Gordon, I'll make you a trade straight across. You can have any of the smaller pianos in the store for this one."

"What?" Surely Nell had heard the man incorrectly. Had he said a deal straight across? Nell Gordon's puzzled face asked why.

"Well, Mrs. Gordon, call me an antique collector if you wish, but I collect these rare old pianos. Take your choice of any of the smaller pianos," the dealer repeated.

Nell turned then toward the pianos placed in the circle near the front of the music store. They were beautiful, and they would fit in nicely with her new, modern living room, but she turned again to the old upright standing forlornly in the back of the truck. It sort of seemed like a child which had been driven from its home for no other reason than that it had grown up, and wasn't cute anymore.

Nell walked out of the store to where Tom and the dealer were making arrangements for the trade.

She heard the dealer say: "You can unload the piano at my place, and come around and pick up the lady's choice. I know this piano's heavy, I'll send a couple of fellows with you to unload it." He turned and shouted into the store, "Mike and Slim, can you come here a minute?"

NELL glanced at Tom. It was like Tom to wait quietly and let her pick out the piano she wanted. But if the dealer wanted their piano so much, he was willing to trade straight across, she had a notion to keep it herself. The men were coming to help unload their old upright, she had to decide quickly, or it would be too late.

"I guess I've changed my mind about trading pianos," Nell said. Then by way of explanation she added, "It would be sort of like trading our firstborn for a 1957 baby. I realize I'm probably throwing over a fine offer, but, well, I might as well admit it, there are a lot of memories stored in the strings of this old upright."

Nell Gordon turned to Tom and said, "Let's go."

Then it was, his face shone with happiness. Nimble as a college boy, Tom jumped on the back of the pickup and wrapped the quilts lov-

lly around the piano again and
l it securely.

As they jogged along in the front
the pick-up, Tom kept asking:
ow's she riding?" And Nell
uld glance back with the same
ncern with which she had
ched the piano being hauled by
m and wagon to their home
y years ago.

Nell decided on the long ride
me that she would play lots of
d music on the old piano yet,
l so would her children and
ndchildren. The trouble was
bably that they had watched television too much lately and hadn't had enough family song-fests.

Nell turned to Tom and spoke softly, "Tom, now that we have the house remodeled, what do you say we have the children all in for an evening? After dinner we could gather around the piano and sing like we used to."

"I think it's a good idea. I've let my tenor get sort of rusty lately watching the television shows." Tom patted her hand softly.

Nell squeezed his hand in return and said, "And Tom, I'm glad I didn't go too modern."

The Three Wise Women

Fredrika Clinch

sked three women to write their greatest joy.

The first woman replied:

"I have many joys, but my greatest joy is getting along with people. It takes lots iving and learning to get along with people. I fill my mind with love and good will ard all.

"The happiest people are those who share joy and sorrow of others. Alertness to needs of others leaves no room for mental disorder through self-pity. When a nan begins to pity herself she loses power and initiative. She is on the road of ire."

The second woman wrote:

"One of my greatest joys is keeping my mind and hands busy. There is no reason v age should put me in the rocking chair to dream about the past. Why should I my trained brain and fingers rust away in idleness? Idleness breeds discontent, unpiness, and is bad for the health. Work occupies the mind. The busy mind is healthy mind. There is no need to sit idle; no one gets to the point where she 't learn more."

The third one expressed herself:

"One of my greatest enjoyments is to greet a new day. One by one the stars disear. From the horizon comes a shaft of light. I see the highest mountains catch first beams of the morning sun, while the valley below is still submerged in shadow. rink the glory of the unfolding day as the mounting sun reveals new charm and h beauty. I paid nothing for this new day that is unfolding before me. It is given ne as a gift, one of God's greatest gifts, because with it are all the wonders of his tion. I have learned to appreciate the beauty of the present and to have faith in future."

A New Quilt for an Old Home

Jane T. Mattice

President, Pima Ward Relief Society, St. Joseph Stake (Arizona)

IN the summer of 1955, my husband and I were taking a vacation, motoring through the eastern part of the United States. We made a point of visiting the many places of interest in Church history.

One day, about noon, we stopped at the Joseph Smith Farm and were very graciously welcomed by Sister Nellie Hathaway, who, with her husband, were missionary guides at the farm. After visiting a few minutes, she learned we were Church members and asked if we wanted her to tell the story of the Prophet and the incidents that happened at the farm and in the Sacred Grove near by. Of course we wanted to hear the story, as told by our missionaries to the thousands of visitors who stop at this historic place each year.

As we talked, I told her I was Relief Society president in the Pima Ward in Arizona. She immediately asked if we would like to make a quilt for the Peter Whitmer Home. At this time the home was being restored. I felt sure our sisters would be pleased to have an opportunity to help in this restoration, so I told Sister Hathaway I would ask the sisters and let her know.

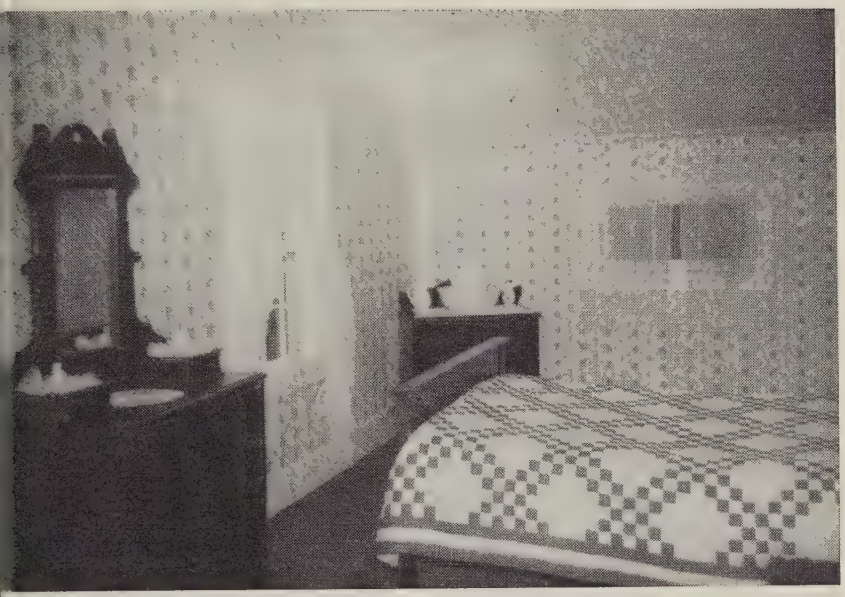
When I returned home and told the Relief Society members of the opportunity offered us to help, they were delighted.

We wondered about the pattern and the colors to use. We needed an old pattern, and one well known in 1830. For assistance we turned to our older sisters. We have many of these lovely ladies who are in their seventies and eighties. They are experienced quilt makers and wonderful quilters. They discussed it among themselves and decided we should make "The Double Irish Chain" in red and white. Several remembered that their mothers and grandmothers had such a quilt. So we quickly accepted their suggestion.

We wanted this quilt as near perfect as we could make it. The little blocks were two inches square, and we pulled threads for all of them, to make sure they were true squares. The beautiful finished quilt was reward enough for our efforts. It was 68" x 100" when finished.

Our members all helped, even some who did not attend regularly came to offer assistance and add a few stitches. A few MIA girls asked to help, and some of our sisters from the Pima Second Ward came to help. These sisters had been members of our Society until our ward was divided. One dear old lady who is ninety-seven years old came to add her bit, and another sister, who is too blind to quilt, came and threaded needles for the others. She has learned to use a needle threader and is a great help on work day.

It was wonderful to see the interest these sisters, old and young, were taking in our project. To them this wasn't just another quilt. It was



Walter H. Moss

QUILT IN THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM, PETER WHITMER HOME

y very special. Their conversation as they worked often went like this, never dreamed I would have the opportunity to help in such a wonder- undertaking. I may never see the Peter Whitmer home, but I am so l to have a part in its restoration."

On one corner of the lining we embroidered "Made and presented by Pima Ward Relief Society, St. Joseph Stake, Arizona, September 1955."

When it was finished we displayed it in the foyer of the chapel one nday. The enthusiasm of our members had been contagious, and all ward wanted to see this much-talked-about quilt before it was sent on way. Our husbands and children were just as proud of the finished duct as were we. Soon the quilt was sent back East to its home.

Sister Hathaway was pleased and very liberal in her praise and thanks our efforts. She took it to Sister Moss, who, with her husband, Brother lter H. Moss, were missionary guides at the Peter Whitmer Home. Sis- Moss wrote to express her thanks and appreciation for the work of our lief Society sisters. She sent the picture showing "Our Quilt" in the tairs bedroom.

Relief Society and Relief Society women are wonderful. If there is ne worthy work to be done, our sisters are always willing and anxious be of assistance.

Two of a Kind

Maude Rubin

SALLY Harding was struggling with her damp hair, trying to put it up in pin-curls. It was just wavy enough to be stubborn.

In the mirror she could see Mother Harding, Jim's mother, watching her with polite interest. But without offering to help. Immaculate as always, in a smart blue suit and small blue hat, Mother Harding had stopped in to wait for the bus, saying, "I thought I'd go into the city for lunch and the style show at Simmons'. It's such a lovely day!"

Mother Harding might have been a fashion model herself, Sally thought wistfully as she looked at her—"What the Mature Woman Will Wear." So slim and straight, hair smoothly waved, every detail perfect. Definitely ungrandmotherly. . . . It was a disappointment, a hurt that Sally had not been able to overcome. She glared at her own wet brown locks and jabbed the last pin in viciously, so that it pricked her scalp.

"It never looks right, somehow. Especially the back curls. No matter how hard I try!"

"I was never very good at fixing hair, either, Sally. But Muriel used to be very clever with it. She did mine while she was at home. And she decided that I should always wear it this way." She touched the smooth gray waves. "It is more becoming, I guess. But sometimes I'd like to try some other style. . . ."

Muriel was Jim's sister. Thirtyish, a reporter on a New York daily, capable of managing the entire city if she had to, Sally thought. Muriel had come to see them last fall, just between planes. But while she was there, she had arranged her mother's furniture in the small cottage at the end of the garden; had outlined the winter's activities for her mother, making numerous lists and schedules, marking the calendar with blue pencil. She designed the new rose garden for Jim and Sally, decided on the exact shade of wallpaper for their living room. "The only possible color for this room!" It was right, too, perfect. Sally admired her efficiency and was more than a little afraid of her.

Now Mother Harding reached down and brushed a tiny speck of lint from her skirt. "Never mind, Sally. Your hair will look nice—it always does. And when the children are grown, you'll have lots of time. Then you can go to the beauty shop. It sort of relaxes one, I find." She smiled brightly, pulled on white gloves as she went down the walk toward the bus stop.

Sally stood in the doorway and waved to her as she got on the bus. She admitted to herself that she was almost envious of her mother-in-law. Jealous of her smart daintiness, of her leisure, her interests. It must be nice to have the whole day free, to dress up and go places. . . .

I wish we could be real friends, Sally said to herself.

Sally's clear gray eyes were clouded as she thought, she doesn't need me, or the children. Not with her concerts, her shopping. . . .

Briskly Sally whisked the breakt dishes into the sink, turned on hot water and said to herself, Vell, Madge says I don't know w lucky I am! A mother-in-law o doesn't interfere, doesn't try to my house. Mother Harding tainly doesn't."

Madge Jones was their nearest ghbor, Sally's only friend since Hardings had moved to The e.

The day was perfect, without the nid midwest heat that would ne later in the season. Sally de- ed to work in the garden. Jim on a buying trip to Des Moines ll wouldn't be home for another ee days. The new rosebed need- attention.

he might as well get started on oday as any time. The baby was asleep, Judy and Jim Third e playing contentedly in the hard, their two apple trees. She a scarf around her head and t happily to work.

JT before night the early May warmth had changed to sultri- s. The eastern sky was ominous- lack. When the first white glare lightning streaked the clouds, a fening clap of thunder followed. y shivered, listened to the next h rip through the airless dusk rumble to a slow silence. The big splatters of rain struck the dow as she looked out to see if ther Harding was home yet. , there was a light in the cot- e.

he flashes came faster now, er together, with no space be- en their brief brilliance and the nediate thunder.

ally hurried to the wall plug, disconnected the TV. The children weren't watching it. They were too excited and thrilled by the storm. Hardings, both of them—afraid of nothing.

"Mommy! Mommy!" Jim Third turned toward her, all excitement, elation.

Then Judy piped up, "It was a tree that time, Mommy!" She turned from the window to demonstrate with her thin arms just how the lightning had forked. "A great big fire-tree in the sky! It filled the whole sky, Mommy!"

Judy at six was something of a poet. Sally wished miserably that she could see some of the beauty in it. Well, at least they weren't frightened, thank goodness for that.

When she spoke, she managed to keep her voice level, matter-of-fact: "Don't stand so close to the window, children. You—you—might catch cold!" Just how silly can you sound? she wondered.

Paying no attention to her, probably not even hearing her, they pressed closer and closer to the glass.

The next glare was brilliant, changing to an eerie blue—white as the jagged streaks shot up across the sky. Sally felt her hands grow damp, numb with terror, not knowing what to do next.

To calm herself, she walked across the room and pulled the plug of the iron cord and put away the board. No ironing tonight. "Now I wish I'd gone ahead with it this morning. But who would imagine? This early? The first week of May?" she said aloud.

She had purposely left the ironing for tonight, so they could watch

TV while she worked. That was one of the few jobs she could manage and look at TV. This was the night for the Disney program, and she had planned that they would all watch it together, a nice family thing to do. She had even thought of asking Mother Harding to come and sit with her and the children, but gave that up. She would probably be bored.

Together. To Sally that togetherness was all important. All the family doing things together. Something to remember all their lives.

HER thoughts went on: If Mother Harding were only a little bit like my Granny! I thought the children would mean so much to her. . . . If she were a normal Grandma, she would be here with us. Right now. She wouldn't let us stay here alone . . . about to be struck with lightning! Sally looked again at the cottage. Mother Harding had drawn the Venetian blind, but the light still showed through the slits.

She wished again that Jim were home. I wouldn't be half so scared with another grownup in the house. I'm always sensible—well, almost sensible—when Jim is here.

Wham! Another earth-rocking crash. I can't stand it, she thought, I can't. But there was nothing else to do.

Maybe there was. Maybe Madge Jones would come up and stay with her, if she knew. She stumbled to the telephone, dialed frantically. No answer. Again. Still no answer. She listened, realized that there was no dial-tone. The phone was dead.

She placed the receiver back in its cradle, straightened it carefully. At that moment the lights went out.

She ran through the dark to the back door, knocking her knee on a chair on the way, opened her mouth to call to Mother Harding, to scream for help, and remembered just in time. No screaming, no fear in front of the children. Now, with the lights out, she couldn't even see the cottage through the rain. The cottage where Mother Harding lived her own secure and worry-free life. Sally swallowed hard and forced herself to go back into the living room.

It was because of the cottage that they had bought The Acre. After Jim's father had died, Sally had wanted Jim's mother to come to live with them.

"Why couldn't we be all together, Jim, as a family should be? She'll be so lonesome, and I get lonesome, too, Jim, sometimes. We always had so many at home." She had added, "I'd love your mother, Jim. I know I would. And she could stay with the children sometimes, so we could go out. I'd know they were safe with their Granny!"

She had stopped, looked at Jim. He had been smiling queerly.

"Oh, not often, Jim. I don't mean for her to do a lot of baby-sitting. But just once in a while, for something special. Jim, I—I can't bear to leave them with a stranger. Not while the baby's so little."

He had leaned down and kissed the top of her head lightly. "No, Sally, it just wouldn't do. Mother is different, independent; and keeps very busy." Jim grinned.

But, Jim, I don't care. She's children's Granny. They'd love . And she'd love them. I know would."

Of course. But, Sally, Mother ıldn't have time for baby-sitting. 's always going somewhere, con- s, meetings, and lectures. You're lomestic, darling. You wouldn't w about women like Mother!" had hugged her.

Oh, wouldn't I? Sally had ught. I'm no more domestic n anyone, Mr. Harding. But v could I go to concerts? Just v? She had bitten her lips to p the words inside, unsaid.

im had continued, "And I've ays heard that no house is big ugh for two women, Sally. I'm taking any chances with my nen!" He had grinned happily the subject had been closed.

Except in Sally's mind: That's you know about it, Jim Harding! folks all lived together and ked together and had a won- ful time. Granny lived with always and what would we r have done without her? And ıt Jennie part of the time, and Uncle Tim, too, until he died. ıt's all a mistake about families getting along together. And I pen to *know* what I'm talking ut!

UT it was settled as Jim decided, of course. So they had bought e Acre, out in the country, but the bus line. With a separate tage for Mother Harding.

When Mother Harding moved in, y could see what Jim meant. ays busy, always smartly dressed, older woman lived in a different ld from Sally's. Even here, where she knew no one, Mother Harding found plenty to keep her interested, apparently. Plenty of things to do, places to go. Always calm, pleasant; but never helpful, never just "family."

At the second loud crash of thunder within as many seconds, Sally ran upstairs to see if the baby was all right. She carried a flashlight, played its light over the crib and whispered, "There he is, bless his heart, sound asleep through all this racket!" She shivered at the next blue-white flare that highlighted the room.

Downstairs again, hunting for matches and a candle, Sally listened to the downpour and the excited chatter of Judy and Jim Third.

Judy shouted, "There it is again, Mommy! That fire-tree, I mean!"

Then Jim Third's loud roar, "Bang! Bang-bang! Roar-r-r-r! Rum-m-m-m-ble." He was dramatizing it.

Sally reached out vaguely till her hand touched a chair. Then she let herself down carefully, her legs feeling limp, boneless. She couldn't take much more of this. Without someone to hold to, someone to talk to, she was finding out exactly how worthless she really was. Not the sensible, self-confident mother she wanted to be, pretended to be. She finally found a stub of a candle, lighted it, set it on the mantle.

JIM was the only one who knew about her terror of thunderstorms; and even to him she had never let go entirely, never dared break down and cry, which is what she felt like doing right now. How Muriel would despise her.

Now why should I think of Muriel at a time like this? Because

Muriel is such a Harding, I suppose. And I'm not. I never will be! Muriel would think her brother had married a regular little simpleton!

The next crash was a rending detonation, a resounding catastrophe of sound. Close, close. It must have struck the house. Sally ran to the window, looked out past the children's heads. No, but it had struck the old elm. In the glare of the next flash she saw the huge limb torn from the trunk, lying lopsided across the gate.

Well, that does it! she thought. I can't take this any longer. Not alone I can't. I'll go get Mother Harding. No matter if she despises me forever! Aloud she said, "I'll be right back, children!" She grabbed up Jim's old coat, threw it over her head and, with the dimming flashlight in her hand, ran pell-mell across the garden, splashing through rain and puddles, straight for the cottage. Why didn't Mother Harding light a candle? There wasn't a glimmer of light through the glass door.

In her panic, Sally pushed the door open without knocking, turned the flashlight wildly about the room, and saw Mother Harding. She was on her knees by the bed, her arms stretched out on the spread, two pillows stuffed tight against her ears. At Sally's voice, she jumped, startled, and let out a stifled scream.

Her face was strained and swollen with tears, distorted with fear. In the weak light from the flash, she looked ghastly. Her hair, always so perfect, was rumpled, wild, where her fingers had run through it.

"Oh, Sally—I'm so ashamed. You'll think I'm terrible! Scared of lightning. It's so silly. But, Sally, I always have been horribly scared."

Her words stumbled over one another, poured out frantically. "When the children were little, I had to hide my fear." She was sobbing against Sally's wet coat, shaking spasmodically.

SALLY put her arms tight about her. "Come, come, now, Mother. There's nothing to be afraid of. You've got me, right here." She felt her tremble, hugged her closer. "But we must get back to the children. Come on, let's make a run for it. It's a regular cloudburst!" She actually managed a laugh. Her voice sounded firm and cheerful, as if she were talking to Jim Third or to Judy.

Holding onto each other, they hurried through the rain and got to the house just as the flashlight gave out completely. They slammed the door against the storm.

Together, they put the protesting children to bed, then sat in the living room. The stub of candle had burned out, too. The only light was from the brief flames of lightning.

Mother Harding was talking, saying things she would never have said in daylight. "Muriel was always strong, Sally, different from me. Never afraid of anything, a Harding. She warns me in every letter not to interfere, not to bother you and Jim. To keep busy." She sneezed.

Sally put her arm around her and rubbed her cold hands. Sally's fear was gone, completely gone.

he listened to the words that
e pouring out: "Muriel's a dear
of course, gets me the concert
ets, reserves the seats, every-
ıg." She drew a long breath.
ıt I always have such a hard time
emember what I hear and I get
l of going out."

"Why, Mother!" Sally giggled.
ıd here I thought you loved to
I've been so ashamed because
new so little about things!"

"Sally, all I really want is to be
ood comfortable Grandma. To
home evenings. Read stories
Jim Third—cuddle little Judy.
l I'd love to rock the baby. . . ."

n, quickly and timidly, "But I
w the book says you mustn't!"

"Not my book, Mother. It says rocking's wonderful for them. Gives them security."

"Then you—you wouldn't mind leaving them with me? Sometimes? Let me take care of them, when you and Jim go out, I mean?"

Could this be the reserved, poised Mother Harding?

Sally thought happily, so you are like my Granny, after all! Aloud she said, "Why, Mother, I'd love it! And so would the children. Of course, we would!"

The rain lessened and then stopped. There was one last brief flash of lightning.

"And, Sally, I'll never let them know that I'm scared of thunder. Not ever!" Mother Harding promised.

Make Them Feel Secure

Caroline Eyring Miner

'S a big world, and little people in it sometimes feel afraid, insecure. Are we as parents doing what we can to help our children feel secure in this changing, troubled, uncertain world?

A certain wise mother I know, whose husband traveled all the time and moved from pillar to post, found a way to help her three little ones feel secure and at home matter where they were. As soon as the family moved to a new town, the mother ıld take her little children out for a walk. If it were daytime, they noted that the e sun shone over them in each place they went, that the sun is unchangeable. They :ed for mountains or ocean or river which, too, endure and are the same. Also r changing are the signs of the seasons—emerald blades of new grass or birds nest- in spring; flowers in full bloom in the warm summer; grain and fruit ripening in umn; frost and ice and snow in delicate tracery in winter.

If this little family arrived in a new town at night they walked together under the s. It was thrilling to find the same moon and the same friendly constellations dot- the sky. It was reassuring also, and gave them the feeling that God was in his ven; hence all was right with the world.

How wise this mother was, I learned last summer when I traveled around the ld and lost sight and sound of many familiar things—especially of those that are n-made. When we became uncertain of things and lonely, we walked under the s, the same that we had known at home. We saw the mountains solid and serene; felt the joy of finding familiar flowers in blossom, familiar trees rustling in the lazy moon breeze. We were at peace and secure again. We knew that God was in heaven, so all was right with the world, as Browning so poignantly wrote.

Let us teach our children peace and security out under the stars or in the early n watching the world awaken, so that they will be at home and feel secure the ld around.

A Look Backward and Forward, Relief Society All the Way

Annie W. Westover

MY first contact with Relief Society, as an organization, dates back about sixty years, at which time my mother was acting secretary under Sister Isabelle Horne, President of the Fourteenth Ward Relief Society, Salt Lake City, Utah. Because my mother had no one with whom to leave me, I always went along to meetings. While she sat at the table with her clerical work, I sat at the feet of the dear sisters and threaded their needles as they sewed carpet rags and pieced quilt blocks.

My mother had very decided opinions about keeping little fingers active, and when I was six years old, I could sew, knot, and crochet. That winter I knitted my first hose, striped red and white, and of heavy yarn. My little fat legs so striped made me think of the giraffes in my painted storybook. It makes me itch yet when I think of those hose. That winter I also crocheted lace for the caps we gave as Christmas presents to the old folks. In those days whoever thought of sleeping without a nightcap, from grandpa to the baby?

On Saturdays my regular job was to go the rounds of the older sisters who happened to be on mother's visiting teacher list, and with a basket as heavy as a youngster could manage, I delivered little extras for Sunday dinners that otherwise would not have been found on those particular tables. This, of course, was a secret between mother and me and made me feel very important. How those dear women would look forward to my weekly calls, and sometimes they had a sweet morsel laid up for me.

My next contact with Relief Society was when I was a young matron in 1899, when I was secretary. We lived on a ranch about two miles over rough mountain roads from the meetinghouse and our only means of transportation was a farm wagon and team. Indians were bad; we always had to have a male escort along, carrying firearms ready for the occasion should it arise.

Our fancywork department included such practical instructions as carding and spinning, dyeing both wool and cotton, weaving cloth and carpets, knitting hose, mittens, sweaters, caps, nubbies, mufflers, and petticoats. We gleaned straw from the wheat fields, split it, bleached it with sulphur for summer, or dyed it for winter wear, braided or sewed it into hats, blocked the hats, and trimmed them according to our own fancy of millinery.

The domestic science department included making soap with lye leached from ashes of burned wood, and candles made from wicking and melted tallow poured into the candle molds. Kerosene lamps were a luxury few could afford. We made our butter and cheese. Without any refrigeration, we did our home canning and baking and all the other activities that went into such a department of domestic science, with such tools and materials as could be shaped and utilized.

THE LONG AGO

Well do I remember the days of Long Ago,
When the girls wore homespun dresses, the boys wore pants of tow,
And shoes were made of cowhide and socks of homespun wool,
And children did a half day's work before they went to school. . . .

Then no electric buttons turned on our cold or heat,
To freeze ice cream or sherbet, or roast a chunk of meat,
Nor did electric washers put laundry on the line,
While mother read the morning news or called up Mrs. Stine,
Upon the telephone, to ask when could they take the car
To make their monthly visits, for good teachers they still are—
They're always on the job, dependable and true,
And if a car cannot be had, a bicycle will do.

Formosa—Culinary Melting Pot

Edna B. Culmsee

AS we bowled along Chung Shan Pei Lu in a pedicab, my husband chuckled de-tedly at the incongruous sign. It at the corner, facing the crowd-thoroughfare, proclaiming in l red letters on four stories of stucco: *Terry's American Res-ant — Chop Suey*. To us, an rican couple who had recently e to Taipei, the capital city of China, this was hilarious. In na chop suey is an American !

ow, nearly a year later, we ac- the sign as a matter of fact. no longer incongruous. In the tless times since then that we dined with Chinese friends in r homes or restaurants, we have r encountered chop suey. In r own land the Chinese seem to eat chop suey, chow mein, fu yung, or those other exotic es that were served to us in nese restaurants at home. Such tizing concoctions apparently devised by clever Chinese s to tempt the foreign palate. perhaps, some essential ingredi- for their native dishes were readily available in a strange l. So they improvised.

'hat talent for improvisation ably holds the secret charm of nese cuisine. For throughout the ness of China, the art of cook-is various, not uniform, as indi-ual as the Chinese themselves, I daresay no dictator is likely to standardize or regiment it. ause they use what is at hand, ting nothing, often making h of little with artful garnishes and ingenious seasonings, the Chinese probably have created the greatest variety in their cookery of any people in the world.

Every province has made special contributions. Formosa has become a "melting pot" of foods, adding to its own skills those of two million or so mainlanders who have come to this island, bringing their various forms of cookery. While rice is a basic food in a large part of China, in the North, noodles and a white steamed bread called *man-tou* take its place. Familiar to us from far-away places are the famous Peking duck, the peppery hot foods of Szechwan province, fish ball soup of Fukien province, and fried beef in oyster sauce from Canton, to name but a few. Then there are the fascinating Mongolian foods, either cooked at the table in water boiling around the charcoal heated center of a *huo-kua* (fire-pot) or out-of-doors over a special kind of barbecue. The variety is endless.

A gustatory marathon, the typical Chinese dinner party is served at a large round table covered with a white cotton cloth. This cloth is immaculate at the beginning of the meal, but as course after course is served by the host and hostess from the dish in the center to the eight or ten guests, drops of sauce or bits of food fall upon it. Nobody seems to mind or even to notice it. It is just as well, because it could hardly be avoided.

Each course usually consists of but one dish served in a large bowl or platter placed in the center of the table. At opposite sides, be-

fore the host and the hostess, lie a pair of chopsticks for serving, or a large china spoon or ladle if the course is liquid. With these implements they lift portions of the food from the central dish over to the guests seated around the table. Each place setting consists of a small bowl, usually a china spoon, a small plate of bread-and-butter size, and a tiny plate about two inches in diameter on which to rest one's chopsticks as one finishes each course. From time to time the small main plates or the bowls are changed. Often there are no napkins, but, at intervals, a servant passes hot damp wash cloths which cleanse the fingers thoroughly. A diner may even refresh himself by mopping his face with it as well.

The amount one consumes at these feasts is astonishing, because the helpings seem very small, but the courses range from ten to twenty. Each is a work of art to behold and is presented with a flourish, with hospitable hosts always urging more upon you. If you are a novice you may think the end of the meal is approaching when the sweets are served, such as Eight Precious Rice and some of the many sweet fruit soups. But, actually, it is just a good start. You will go on for several substantial courses after that, finally ending with a delicious clear chicken soup. Although rice is seldom served at a feast, it comes, when it does, at this point in individual bowls as a separate course. Then, as a concession to Western taste, no doubt, tangerines or watermelon or sliced fresh pineapple may be passed finally to complete the meal, but not invariably.

It is difficult to describe the food at a typical Chinese dinner because each is different. Always it is colorful. Vegetables are cooked to perfection, never overdone, and in full color — crisp cauliflower, green beans, carrots, spinach, tomatoes, and onions that we know, besides bamboo shoots, bean sprouts, sweet tender peas in the pod, leeks, water chestnuts, slim celery, large mushrooms, long slender eggplants no larger around than a banana, small, succulent heads of Chinese cabbage cooked whole in delicious sauce, and others I cannot name.

MOST of the courses consist of meat, fish, or fowl. Chickens, duck, and pigeons, with tender lacquered skin of a flavor even more delectable than the sweet flesh it encloses; fish served whole, deep-fried or steamed or gently cooked the West-Lake way, by pouring boiling water over it until it is done and then covering it with sweet-sour sauce, or one containing bright bits of red and green peppers and carrots, cubes of pale ginger, and cauliflower. Prawns, shrimps, and crabs prepared many ways both in and out of their shells; sweet-sour pork, beef and peppers, tailored to chopstick size. White, plump rolls of steamed bread, *chiao-tzu* (the pork-filled steamed dumplings), spring rolls (dainty cylinders of paper-thin pastry stuffed with pork, bean sprouts, mushrooms, and deep-fried). Always soup, sometimes several kinds, during a meal—cold lotus or fruit soups, hot soups of shark-fin or of chicken with delicate cubes of custard or cheese-like bean curd, or mushrooms, or slender strips of pork highly seasoned.

ugh I can't name them all, her shall I ever forget them.

he only Chinese foods I've en- ntered that I could not relish e to prejudice, I know) are sea s and one-hundred-year-old eggs. latter are not so ancient as r name implies. They are mere- ured or pickled as we, for in- ce, make sauerkraut of cabbage. their unnatural green centers osed in brown gelatinous ites" simply do not appeal to

One must not assume from account that the Chinese are tonous. They are not. They a gay, convivial people who de- in good companionship and a ve occasion. Ordinarily, they simply, and most Chinese drink lcoholic beverages. One must it, also, that the dinners de- ed here are those enjoyed by "upper classes" or at least those have received a Western edu- n and can speak English and make some allowances for tern notions.

China, however, it is not too ifficult to get some idea of how "other half" lives because it is ad out openly before you. re is not much privacy in fam- life that is lived in tiny shops to the street, where all sleep he floor at night after the front oarded shut. If you are down n about eight in the morning, may see them taking down the ds, wheeling out their bicycles ark them on the sidewalk in t during the day, and the fam- one by one emerging, perhaps reakfast on a bowl of rice or noodles purchased with small coins from a passing vendor.

If "daddy" happens to be the vendor, he may be just returning from his early morning rounds to feed his family on what remains. Gently smiling into the attentive eyes of his children ranged around his cart, he takes great care in serving, fastidiously placing the small bits of vegetable, chopped pickle, fish, or whatever touch of garnish he would use with his paying customers, while their waiting appetites quicken.

Before the small shops farther out from town, "mommy" squats before a charcoal burner at the edge of the pavement to cook the family meal. Sometimes the group may be seen inside seated around a small table, but often a little child simply stands at the edge of the street or sits on the high threshold of the house door, holding his bowl just below his chin and by nimble, rhythmic movements of his chopsticks making the rice disappear in a continuous stream into his mouth.

But again and again, one is touched by the simple pride, reverence almost, with which food is served. There is no sloshing of ungainly masses such as one sometimes sees in American lunch rooms or, say, on army mess trays. Here, hunger watches with pleasant anticipation while the cook does his artistic best. Surely, here on Formosa where there is food enough for all, and the combined skills brought from many parts of China, will be found the choicest Chinese food in the world. And maybe—some day—in this culinary "melting pot," American chop suey will emerge as naturalized Chinese.

Miriam Diplock Land Welcomes Opportunities to Serve

DURING the past four years, Sister Miriam Diplock Land, eighty-seven, of Sacramento, California, has bound 120 quilts made by the First Ward Relief Society in Sacramento, where she is a member. She sews beautifully and is eager to be of service to the Relief Society, and to all others. Some of the quilts which she has bound are shown in the picture.

Sister Land and her husband, William E. Land, were converted to the Church in Lovell, Wyoming, in 1929. She became a visiting teacher on the Tuesday after she was baptized and has been active in Relief Society work ever since. She was born in Falmer, Sussex, England, and at the age of seventy-nine, she completed the necessary preparation for becoming a United States citizen and passed the examinations without an error.

Time to Grow

Ada Marie Patten

The violet blooms but in the spring,
Its span of life is brief;
The oak tree stands for many years,
Its strength beyond belief.

Love also needs time to mature
However fair its birth;
To send stout branches to the sun,
Deep roots into the earth.

The Bright Star

Chapter 2

Dorothy S. Romney

nopsis: Kathy Tracy, an orphan, who s to become an artist, lives with her Emerald Jewel Tracy in an old- oned house overlooking San Francisco In order to help with household ex- s, Kathy applies to Phineas Fenton, ighbor and owner of a shipping line, mployment. He offers her the posi- of switchboard operator in his office ing in San Francisco. When Kathy ns home from the Fenton house, she that her aunt has gone out, and riend Jim Parker is there waiting for evening date.

A misty rain had begun to fall when the lights of Jim Parker's small car started over the hill along Pine Road. y Tracy sat silently in the seat de him.

Can't carry on much of a con- ation by myself," Jim com- ned.

athy smiled. "I was thinking of picture. Imagine that girl giv- up her wonderful career to mar- nd live way out on that farm. must have loved him deeply."

Hmm," said Jim, "getting mar- 's fine. I just hope he had his n where it was paying. Folks e to eat, you know."

Dear, practical Jim," Kathy ghed. "Don't be so down-to- h, and with the moon just ris- too. After all, it was only a vie."

Say," he said suddenly, stopping car with a lurch, "what's that?" backed the car a few feet and oped beside a clump of bushes. itting on the ground, leaning against a fallen log was a woman. Kathy sprang from the car and ran to the crumpled figure. The pale moonlight fell across the woman's face.

"Jim! Jim!" the girl cried in a stricken voice, "it's Aunt Em! She's hurt!"

Frantically, the girl grasped her aunt's cold wrist and felt for her pulse. "Oh, thank goodness, she isn't—I mean. . . . Oh, Jim! . . . . We'll get her home in bed, then I'll call Bishop Henderson in San Rafael and see if he can send some- one to help us, and I'll get a doc- tor."

Miss Em opened her eyes and looked at her niece and murmured dazedly, "Oh, it's you, Kathy. I just sat down to do some sewing, and sort of dozed, I guess . . . why . . . I . . . ." She lifted her hand helplessly to her head.

"She must have tripped and hit her head on this log," Kathy ex- plained to Jim.

He bent down and picked the frail figure up and put her in the car. It was then that Kathy noticed a brown paper parcel on the ground. Must be the hemming Aunt Em had promised to do for Nan Press- man's trousseau.

"Oh, Aunt Em," she cried broken- ly, "you walked all the way to the Pressman place!"

She must have been lying here on the ground for several hours! A sick feeling of guilt swept over Kathy. How could she have gone

away, not knowing where her Aunt was, or when she'd return home?

As Kathy got in the car beside her, Miss Em opened her eyes again. "I sat down by the fire, it was so cold," she muttered. Then she burst out, suddenly rational, "Did Phineas give you that job in the city, honey?"

"Yes, Aunt Em," the girl answered.

JIM stepped on the gas, hard. "You didn't tell me about any job," he said. "A girl like you ought to be getting married, not running off to the city to work," he added emphatically.

"Let's not talk about it now," said Kathy, with a warning look at Jim, "and please hurry." She was rubbing her Aunt's hands, as she talked, trying to bring some warmth back into them.

"All right," he answered.

The car swung rapidly around the curves of Pine Road, the trees and shrubbery making grotesque patterns in the quick flash of the headlights.

"I'll see you in the morning, Jim," Kathy whispered to the young man as they helped Miss Em from the car to a chair in the kitchen. "I'll have to put Aunt Em to bed."

Jim walked to the old-fashioned kitchen range, lifted the lid and started shoving in lengths of split pine, then turned to Kathy.

"Better phone the doctor before she gets any worse," he suggested.

"She'll be all right as soon as she gets warmed up," Kathy replied softly. "I doubt if I'll need to disturb anyone at this late hour after all. Aunt Em needs rest. Good night, Jim, and thanks for the movie."

"Good night, Kathy," he said and closed the kitchen door quietly.

Kathy removed Miss Em's damp shoes and thrust her feet into some warm slippers, then taking off the shoddy coat, she wrapped her in a heavy robe. "I'll have a cup of chocolate for you in a jiffy," she promised, "that will warm you up."

With a great effort, Miss Em roused herself. "You go to the city, Kathy, take that job—study hard. The money — the Chinese chest—find the bright star. . . ." Her voice trailed off.

"Yes, yes, I know we have money in the chest," Kathy murmured. "The bright star," she repeated, puzzled. What on earth could Aunt Em mean by that? It must be some figment of her imagination. For the first time a cold fear swept over Kathy. Aunt Em's illness was more than a bump on the head.

"Remember — money — treasure — Chinese ch. . . ." the older woman muttered again. She shuddered and fell back in her chair, unconscious, and the frightened girl ran for the telephone to summon the doctor.

THE next morning Kathy picked her way over the beach boulders to where Jim sat waiting for her, hand up to shade her weary eyes from the bright morning sunlight. She had sent him there to get him out of the way of the doctor, and now that Sister Swenson, a Relief Society sister from Sausalito, had arrived to take over the nursing duties for the day, she was free to follow him for a moment's breathing spell.

ood, old dependable Jim, she ight, what would I do without broad shoulders to lean on now? he sat, solidly competent, upon rock, he visibly embodied all commoner virtues. Kathy knew Jim would never change in changing world. He had gone petently to Agricultural College Davis just long enough to learn to a good poultry man—no longer. always put just the right amount effort into each of his projects—more. With the same forthtness he was planning to marry hy. Just how and why she had ed, Kathy was sometimes at a to explain, but she was engaged him, nonetheless, even though wouldn't seriously consider riage until he advanced in the sthood, so they could be marll in the temple.

Kathy sat down on the boulder t to Jim with a sigh of relief. It good to be near so safe and reuring a person on this uncertain . The earnest set of his square , his blunt nose, and clear, deep e eyes looked steady and safe as rock on which he sat. If only didn't look so determined!

"Well," he asked with characterc bluntness, "how is she?"

"Better, I suppose, although it's d to tell. She doesn't talk, just ks at you," Kathy sighed. "It's a oke, you know," she admitted. We sat up with her all night. The ctor said she had probably had c before."

"She'll be a helpless invalid," Jim d reluctantly.

"Oh, no!" cried Kathy, balling r hands up into tight little fists. "No, that mustn't happen." But Jim might be right. She shivered.

The shining vision of San Francisco, of the art school wavered, crashed like a bright Christmas tree ornament falling to the floor without warning. Then she remembered the words of Brother Woods as he had administered to Aunt Em last night. He had promised that she would be restored to her normaal state of health—but that could be a long, long time, she thought.

Jim's hand closed over her warm fingers. Gently, he said, "Marry me now, Kathy, I'll help you take care of her."

She looked up to meet Jim's eyes. Oh, why must there always be a problem to solve? she thought. For a moment she was tempted to throw her burden on his competent shoulders. But, no, although Aunt Em had always respected Jim, she had urged Kathy to be very sure before accepting him and the responsibilities of marriage, and, above all, not to marry until they could be married in the temple.

"That's very thoughtful of you, Jim," she said as gently as she could, "but not now. It would excite Aunt Em too much. There's the doctor coming out now."

She scrambled up hurriedly and ran up the rough path to the drive, Jim following.

DR. Ransome put his hand kindly upon Kathy's shoulder. "She'll live a long time yet, with good care," he told her, then added, "but you can't take care of her alone. I'll send my best practical nurse tomorrow. Sister Swenson will stay the day out."

Kathy choked a little. "We have some money in the Chinese chest—enough to pay for a nurse," she told him, "if you think we need one," she added reluctantly. Yes, money saved, penny by penny, she thought bitterly.

"Now don't you go worrying about that," said the doctor. He climbed into his car. "I'll look in on you later," he called out, against the chugging of the motor.

Kathy nodded mutely and fled along the grass-grown drive, beyond the house to the log cabin down by the water, Jim close at her heels. She felt she had to have a minute to compose herself before going back to the house.

They stepped up onto the miniature veranda of the China house and sat down.

"Well," he said, with his familiar opening.

"I stay here, of course, San Francisco's out," she said dully, and looked up in time to catch a satisfied look on Jim's face.

"Sensible thing for us to do is get married," he repeated. "We can start work on the new house on Elm Hill and stay here until it's finished. Then sell this place and use the money for Aunt Em's expenses. We can go to the temple later," he finished.

A cold little fear shadowed Kathy's mind. Without stopping to think things out, she knew that, except for the temple, Jim was right. How on earth could she manage the doctor bills, medicines, the extra dainties, to say nothing of the nurse's pay? But instinctively she shook her head, nibbling hard on a piece of grass she'd plucked.

"Why not?" Jim demanded.

Dear, dependable Jim. She could not tell him — not now — that there were many reasons why she refused — that Miss Em would surely die if she left the gray house, or how she would feel if her niece should marry outside the temple. That as fond as Kathy was of Jim, the dream of the art school was dearer to her than he was.

"It wouldn't be fair to dump all our worries on you," she said quietly.

"I only want to help. You know I'd do anything for you, Kathy," he insisted.

"I'm sorry, Jim," Kathy said, "but we'll just have to wait."

* * * * *

THAT evening, after she'd told Sister Swenson goodbye, and assured her they'd be all right until the nurse arrived, Kathy tiptoed into her aunt's bedroom and sat down in the old rocking chair. She felt a little shock go through her as she looked at the hands, lying still and waxen looking on the coverlet. Hands that had never been idle before.

It seemed to Kathy that an eternity had gone by, when the old lady's lips started moving. Kathy jumped up and leaned over her, her heart beating fast. She waited, but no words came.

"Please, Aunt Em, just try to rest," she finally said. "There is nothing for you to worry about. I know we have some money in the chest, and it's all safe. I'll look for the bright star tomorrow."

Kathy still had no idea what Miss Em had meant last night. Some-

g the confusion of her mind brought forth, perhaps.

Iiss Em frowned, and Kathy ught, she's not satisfied. She'll er be satisfied just to lie there. got up presently and came back the brown paper package, h she had completely forgotten. Em watched closely, while she ed the string and took out the froth that was to be the bridal for Nan Pressman.

athy's fingers flew along, doing work that she despised with all heart, but gradually Miss Em's eyelids closed and Kathy knew that she was asleep and at peace for a time, at least.

Yesterday, old Phineas Fenton, the richest man on the hill, had given her a job in one of his San Francisco office buildings, tomorrow he would get it back. In the meantime Kathy meant to dream a little about what it would have been like if Aunt Em hadn't gotten sick, and she could have gone to work in the fascinating city across the bay.

(To be continued)

Late Spring

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Oh, the spring is late and the seeding's late
But spring came in today.
The cardinals seeking their summer haunts
Paused briefly on their way.

The cardinals pecked in our chicken yard
For grain that the hens had left,
And the sudden pattern of crimson wings
Wore spring in its warp and weft.

Oh, the cardinals paused in our yard today,
They and the spring together.
And the trees are beaded with swelling buds
As red as a cardinal's feather.

Dilemma

Wilma Boyle Bunker

AVE you ever been torn between a sink full of breakfast dishes and an overwhelming desire to capture a thought on paper which has suddenly taken shape in your d? Or have you glanced out your window at the morning sun on the snowcapped ntains, and ignoring unmade beds, reached for your pallet and brush? To get house in order, have you ever postponed writing down the beginning of a melody erse, and then found later that you had lost it?

Why, oh, why can't the inspirations come when the floors are swept and the ing done?

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Lucile Bunker

SOUTHERN STATES MISSION, GEORGIA DISTRICT, MACON BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY HOLDS OUTSTANDING BAZAAR

Officers of the Macon, Georgia, Branch are shown checking some of the many articles which were featured in their bazaar. Left to right are: Alma P. Hudson, Secretary; Mazelle B. Clark, President; Hattie G. Holloman, Counselor; and Mae Lominick, work meeting leader. Rosa T. Parker, Counselor, was absent when the picture was taken.

Lucile Bunker, President, Southern States Mission, reports: "Our Relief Society organization is growing very steadily in the South, and while some small groups in the outlying branches struggle to find teachers enough, the work goes forward just the same. Last year we made fine gains in *Magazine* sales as well as procuring sixty additional visiting teachers and making 1,200 more visits to the homes than the previous year."

She continues: "This picture of the Macon Branch bazaar is typical of the fine bazaars we have yearly in our eighty-seven organizations."

Photograph submitted by Veda F. Moss

RENO STAKE (NEVADA) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, January 20, 1957

Pauline Richardson, stake chorister, is seated on the front row at left. Norma Cotter, stake organist, is seated on the front row at right.

Veda F. Moss, President, Reno Stake Relief Society, reports the activities of the Singing Mothers: "This chorus furnished the music for the January stake quarterly conference. We have sixteen wards and branches; there are about seventy-five members in the chorus; however, all were not present because of a snowstorm."

Photograph submitted by Eva L. Clinger

SHELLEY STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Sister Eva L. Clinger, President, Shelley Stake Relief Society, reports: Members of the Singing Mothers choruses from the ten wards in our stake participated in the singing for both sessions in our quarterly conference. Sister Florence Dye, stake chorister, is third from the right in the back row; Verla Thomas, stake organist is second from the right in the back row.

Mother's Day Music

FOR THREE PART LADIES VOICES

..... FOR MY MOTHER—Malotte ..... .20

..... MOTHER—Rubinstein ..... .20

..... M-O-T-H-E-R—Morse ..... .25

..... MOTHER O' MINE—Tours ..... .20

..... PRAYER FOR MY MOTHER—Todd ..... .15

..... SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME—Dvorak ..... .10

..... THAT'S WHAT GOD MADE MOTHER'S FOR—Wood ..... .25

..... THAT WONDERFUL MOTHER OF MINE—Goodwin ..... .20

Music Sent on Approval

Use this advertisement as your order blank

DAYNES MUSIC COMPANY
15 E. 1st South
Salt Lake City 11, Utah

Please send the music indicated above.
☐ On Approval ☐ Charge
☐ Money Enclosed

Name .....
Address .....
City & State .....

Daynes Music Company
15 E. 1st South
145 NORTH UNIVERSITY, PROVO Salt Lake City 11, Uta

My Lad

Dorothy J. Roberts

This be the little son
I never had;
But once removed, by blood
My lad, my lad.

And this be the season,
The longed-for part,
The time at length to hold him
To my heart

If my need be greater
Than before
His mother wed and walked through
A strange, new door,

Some kind chance or reason
Grants the grace
Running to greet me in a
Grandson's face.

Pamela

Ethel Jacobson

Pamela is one,
A nice round number.
(Guard her, awake,
And in her sweet slumber.)

Pamela can run
On little pink toes.
(Guide her, unharmed
Past thorn to rose.)

She has laughter of brooks
And a small bird's song.
(Bless her this day
And all her life long!)

Reunion

Vesta N. Lukei

Too late, too late to alter
The hour, the moment near,
Why does the heartbeat falter,
Distraught with love, with fear?

How to Plant Small Seeds

Elizabeth Williamson

DO you have trouble planting small seeds evenly? Try using a salt shaker or a discarded spice can.

Margaret Lund Tours

Northwestern Tour

Passion Play, South Dakota; Yellowstone Park; Glacier Park; Cardston Temple; Canadian Rockies to Vancouver and Victoria; San Francisco and the Redwoods.

Leaves Salt Lake City August 12, 1957. $185.50 for 14 days, includes everything but food.

Hawaiian Tour

Ask about our **Hawaiian Tour** which leaves Salt Lake City in June and July.

L. D. S. Tour

The Pageant at Hill Cumorah; Historical places of the Church; New York; Chicago; Washington; Canada; Niagara Falls; Boston.

Leaves Salt Lake City July 20, 1957. $198 for 21 days via new chartered bus, includes everything but food.

For further information write or phone:

Margaret Lund Tours

3021 South 23rd East
Salt Lake City, Utah
Phone: IN 6-2909 or CR 7-6334

Is Your Sears

LAWN MOWER

Ready for the Season?

Push Type Lawn Mower..... $3.50

Power Lawn Mower..... $7.50

Factory trained experts using newest precision equipment sharpen and adjust your mower. Do it now . . . avoid the rush!

Sears, Roebuck and Co.

754 South State Street

• BEAUTIFUL • HANDY • DURABLE

A sure way of keeping alive the valuable instruction of each month's *Relief Society Magazine* is in a handsomely-bound cover. The Mountain West's first and finest bindery and printing house is prepared to bind your editions into a durable volume.

Mail or bring the editions you wish bound to the Deseret News Press for the finest of service.

Cloth Cover—$2.50 Leather Cover—$3.50

Distance from Salt Lake City, Utah	*Rate*
Up to 150 miles	.35
150 to 300 miles	.39
300 to 600 miles	.45
600 to 1000 miles	.54
1000 to 1400 miles	.64
1400 to 1800 miles	.76
Over 1800 miles	.87

Leave them at our conveniently located uptown office.

Deseret News Press

Phone EMpire 4-2581

31 Richards St. Salt Lake City 1, Utah

VIDA FOX CLAWSON ANNOUNCES

HAWAII

Leave for a lovely **Hawaiian** Tour from Salt Lake City on June 6, 1957.

Historic Train

Leaves Salt Lake City, July 26, 1957

The Historic Train includes: Places of Interest in **Church History, Pageant at the Hill Cumorah,** and Large **Eastern Cities.**

Warning: Both of these tour parties will be limited in number. Make reservations early.

Write or Phone:

Vida Fox Clawson
966 East South Temple
Salt Lake City, Utah
Phone: EM 4-2017

Organists—Pianists

NEW MUSIC

• ORGAN FOLIOS •

..... Asper—Organ in the Church.... 2.75
..... Lorenz—Album of Preludes 1.50
..... Lorenz—Amateur Organist—Vols. 22 & 23 .....Each 2.25

• PIANO FOLIOS •

..... Schirmer's Favorite Sacred Songs 1.25
..... Peery's Piano Voluntaries 1.25
..... Stickles—12 Sacred Songs, Transcribed 1.25
..... Stickles—Sacred Melodies With Variations 1.25

Sure—We Will Send On Approval
We Have Suggested Music For Singing Mothers
SEND FOR COMPLETE LISTS

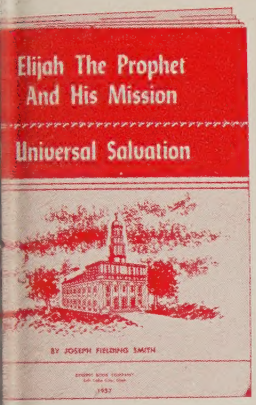
GLEN BROS. MUSIC CO.

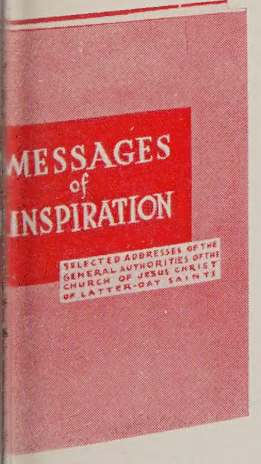
CELEBRATING OUR
"GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY"
74 So. Main Salt Lake City, Utah

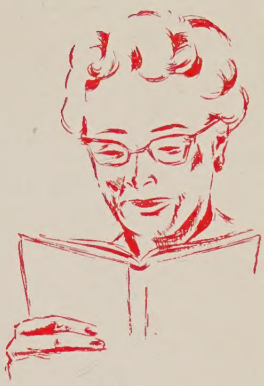
Birthday Congratulations

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mrs Dessie Newman Middleton, Los Angeles, California, ninety-nine; Mrs. Celestia Snow Gardner, Salt Lake City, Utah, ninety-eight; Mrs. Dorothy Ellen Reese Williams, Beaver, Utah, ninety-six; Mrs. Sarah Ann Smith Boren, Salt Lake City, ninety-five; Mrs. Nancy Mann Kartchner, Salt Lake City, ninety-three; Mrs. Hannah Stubbs Jones, Salt Lake City, ninety-three; Mrs. Elizabeth Young, Sanford, Colorado, ninety-two; Mrs. Agnes Watson, Tucson, Arizona, ninety-one; Mrs. Louise Schramm Suput, Anaconda, Montana, ninety-one; Mrs. Minnetta Permelia Brown Thorne and Mrs. Maria P. Thompson, each ninety-one, and both of Manti, Utah; and the following women who have reached their ninetieth birthdays: Mrs. Margaret Teeples Hunter, Holden, Utah; Mrs. Belle Bowen James, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Catherine Heggie Griffiths, Logan, Utah; Mrs. Mary Jane Coleman Meacham, Brigham City, Utah; Mrs. Sarah E. Zundel Josephson, Brigham City, Utah; Mrs. Anna Hansen Erickson, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Amanda Belle Brashear Beeler Green, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Josephine Udora McKay, Los Angeles, California; Mrs. Mary Ann Smith, Randolph, Utah.

LATEST LDS BOOKS




MESSAGES
of
INSPIRATION
SELECTED ADDRESSES OF THE GENERAL AUTHORITIES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS



1. Elijah, The Prophet and His Mission and Salvation Universal

Joseph Fielding Smith

In this book, President Smith clears up some of the problems and confusions concerning Elias and Elijah and their calling. In doing so, he speaks forcefully and directly concerning the responsibility of the living for the dead and the vital necessity of Temple Work. **$1.50**

2. Answers to Gospel Questions

Joseph Fielding Smith

President Smith gives forthright answers and makes careful analyses of perplexing questions asked by lay members of the Church. These pertinent questions come from many diverse areas—from old and young alike. The warmth of President Smith's understanding, added to his scriptural knowledge, makes this book an invaluable addition to every LDS library. Ready about April 3rd. **$2.50**

3. Messages of Inspiration

Selected Addresses of the General Authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

This collection of thirty-three addresses, selected by the General Authorities themselves, considers a wide variety of subjects including: faith, charity, reverence, prayer, chastity and appreciation. **$3.75**

Deseret Book Co.

44 East South Temple -- Salt Lake City, Utah

DESERET BOOK COMPANY
44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah

Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find ( ) check ( ) money order ( ) charge to my account for the encircled (numbered) books: 1 2 3.

Amount enclosed $.....

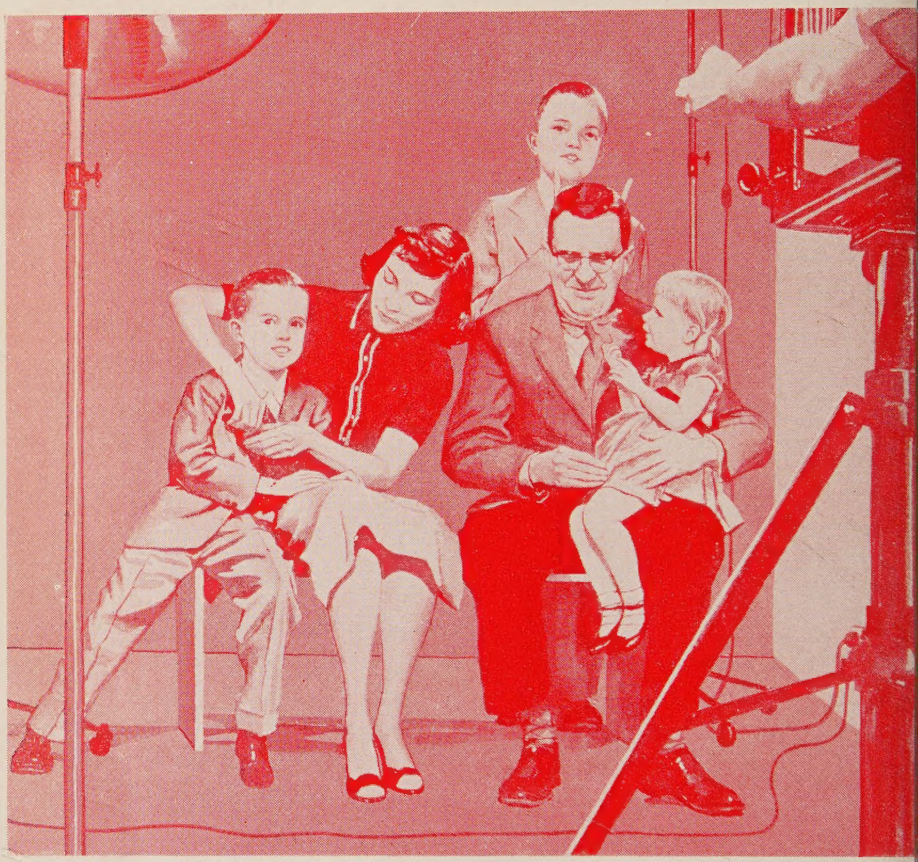
Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Residents of Utah include 2% sales tax.

NUMBER FOUR IN A SERIES: "SHARING THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE"



HAPPY FAMILIES . . . do things TOGETHER

"Now watch the birdie" . . . click . . . and we have a portrait of our ha Beneficial family—we hope! With Jimmy making rabbit ears behind Dad's back, Susie squirming on his lap, we're not at all sure how this picture will turn ou

But you can be sure how a picture of *your* family will turn out ten, twe or even thirty years from now. It's bound to be a pleasant picture, free f financial problems . . . *if* you have a "Planned Future" for your family. Wh a "Planned Future?" Your friendly Beneficial Life agent will be more than ha to explain it to you . . . with no obligation whatever. Why wait longer? Give a call soon, or write for free folder, "Planned Futures."

BENEFICIAL LIFE

Insurance Company

It your Life Insurance is BENEFICIAL

David O. McKay, Pres. Salt Lake City, Utah